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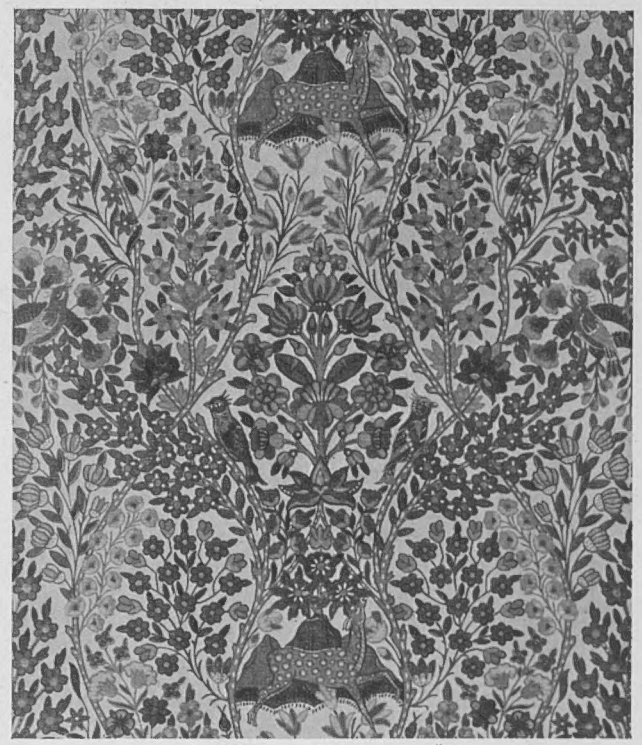

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FRANCE HAMMERS THE BRITISH POUND

A Scene on the Paris Bourse During the Tense Financial Operations of the Past Few Days

When Britain went off the Gold Standard a concerted "bear" movement manifested itself on several Foreign Exchanges. In Paris and New York the £ dropped to below 15s, and fluctuated for some time between that figure and 16s. There were considerable reactions at the Paris Bourse, much activity being evident among the *agents de change* (official members) on the *parquet*, and in the *coulisse* (unofficial members). British gilt-edged securities stand firm despite foreign "bear" raids.

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A London Newsletter

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, September 30, 1931

The Political Past.—A friend of mine—a specialist whose advice has often been asked and never taken by authority in the past twelve years—sat him down during the first stage of this crisis to set on record from his note-books and personal observation the political history of this country since 1919, and the achievement and failure of the succeeding Governments of that epoch. It was his idea to compose an article of about 5,000 words and thereby to distract his mind from the anxiety that weighed it down. When he had finished it, he showed it to one or two friends and all agreed that here was a record of criminal negligence, of folly, of madness, of neglect of clear warnings and common prudence, which had no parallel in the history of this country. By common consent his article was hid in a drawer, to await the notice of the social historian in happier times. What one felt, reading this bald statement of facts, was that no party and no political leader we have suffered under during the past dozen years was fit to look after his own affairs, let alone to control the destinies of a parish. The immediate political past screams aloud to every member of the National Government, of the Opposition, of past Governments, to change his name and vanish from the scene of politics. Whoever shall set out to marshal the facts, and set out the bare sequence of events since the War, must reach the same awful conclusion that we have been guided by leaders in the throes of post-War insanity. And because of our present plight, because our stability still hangs by a hair, we must forego the luxury of these revelations and keep silent from criticism. Perforce the dead past of our politics must bury its dead.

NEW SHERIFFS SWORN AT THE GUILDHALL: Alderman B. Greenaway and Mr. G. H. Wilkinson, Junior, were sworn last Monday in accordance with the time-honoured ceremonial. The new sheriffs are seen above supported by the gorgeously-dressed City functionaries

Avaunt Criticism!—We must be thankful that there are public men with the temerity to shoulder the burden of their guilt and to try their hands at the tiller again. We must have memories to-day as short as the politician's, and bless the pilots whom in easier times we should reprobate. Stern necessity refuses an inquest, and buries our lost opportunities at the cross roads. And, indeed, what I have said is seriously meant. An amnesty from criticism of past folly is not enough. We owe and must pay to men like Messrs. MacDonald, Baldwin, and Snowden a debt of gratitude for their courage and endurance in carrying on to-day, for they are risking their health as well as what remains of their reputation. What Mr. MacDonald has been through in the past two years, of heart strain, nerve strain, and continuous overwork, no man could have endured without the inevitable breakdown. He is now trying to patch himself up to continue the struggle. The late Labour Government paid a deadly toll for the strain and pomp of power, and every member of the National Government is now making inroads on his health and strength reserves in the interests of the country. Let charity, if not gratitude, prevail, and Criticism take a holiday with Rumour as his companion.

Not Forgotten.—Considering how little claim on our attention the burning questions of yesterday have made in the past weeks—India, for instance, and the Soviet plans and intrigues—it is consoling to find that our huge debt of gratitude to Faraday has been generously acknowledged by the Press and the public and the politician alike. In our greatest economic crisis, overwrought men have gladly found time to recall the memory of that strong and patient, quiet, far-sighted and religious man, working away in his ill-found little laboratory in the darkness of a dead epoch to bring light immeasurable to the generations yet unborn. So, too, perhaps the travail of our age may bring peace and salvation to our children's children who will remember the sacrifices of their fathers' fathers. How far that little candle threw its light! The principle of electro-magnetic induction evolved by Faraday, its possibilities dimly seen even at his death, has brought on civilization a root and branch reform in social life and international communication, as speedy as profound. Without it, we must have sat in darkness still, literally and figuratively. Electricity has come to mean light and heat, hygiene, cleanliness, health, education, understanding, toleration, uplifting recreation, safety at sea and on land, the curing of a score of human ills, the linking of the whole earth by means of the ear and sooner or later of the eye. Faraday's patience and genius opened up the path along which later pioneers smoothed the way to these marvels. And Faraday's belief in himself and in his genius was second only to his belief in a divine Creator. The zeal of the Lord of Hosts has done this. That is the secret of Faraday's appeal to us to-day who, so richly dowered by science, grope in a greater darkness than Faraday ever knew, a darkness of our own creating.

Science Laughs at Science.—A century of British Association records—a century of scientific progress—establishes this paradox: the certainty of the scientist of to-day is the scorn of the scientist of to-morrow. Yet even now science moves not in a direct forward line but in a circle. Tyndall, in 1874, cracked his ribs over the world of magic which to the eighteenth century scientist explained a hundred unknown phenomena. Smuts, in 1931, secure in his belief that matter is but an organization of time and space, and that the world about us must be considered in the formula of events instead of material things, smiles at the materialism of Tyndall. And yet as he smiles at that iron and uncompromising belief in the ruthless logic of physical cause and effect in which our fathers groped, he brings the progress of science full circle. The world of to-day is once more a world of magic. All the progress of science—the incredible advance of a century—has not gained one inch towards the supreme goal, the solution of the meaning of life, and every discovery does but open doors to further mysteries. Tyndall at least can laugh back. He lived his life in happy confidence. We have killed belief and certainty.

Not Dead But Sleeping.—That hope of trade recovery need not be buried is proved by the pleasing announcement that in the worst trading year on record Austin Motors announce that never in its history have home sales reached so high a level and that shareholders are to receive cent. per cent. Lancashire, too, has turned in her sleep and thrown off a cotton sheet or two. One of the great cotton combines reported the sale of 4,000,000 lb. of yarn in four days, following the suspension of the gold standard, and elsewhere better trade than at any time in the past decade was reported. There was also evidence that the Premier's appeal to "buy British" had had an encouraging effect on the sale of Empire products. But inflation is not a cure for our ills, but a temporary fall from grace, and nothing but a tariff can restore for more than a brief spasm the confidence of the business community. One by one the doubters come over to this camp. A tariff and an unalterable determination to economize with the object of re-establishing the currency and reducing direct taxation. And the sooner the National Party secures a mandate to act vigorously on this policy, the sooner industry will sit up and reach out for its slippers.

Judicial Economies.—Mr. Cecil Whiteley made an excellent suggestion last week that as a reasonable economy in the present emergency the Grand Jury system should be suspended. This was done in the War and no complaint was ever heard. To-day with the searchlight of Press publicity and a Court of Criminal Appeal, the functions of a Grand Jury are obsolete, expensive, and unnecessary. The Grand Jury is a large body of superior persons, landowners, magistrates, and local big-wigs, who are brought together at the opening of every assize (and fortnightly during the London Sessions), to examine the Bills in the Calendar and to throw out any which do not appear on a cursory examination to reveal a prima facie case. Nowadays important criminal cases are exhaustively examined sometimes in five courts. A murder, for instance, may be exhaustively gone into at an inquest, before the magistrates, before the Grand Jury, at the Assizes or Sessions, and by the Court of Criminal Appeal. And in less serious cases of crime, the increasing efficiency of the petty sessional bench and the existence of the Court of Criminal Appeal have rendered the functions of a Grand Jury unnecessary. At the London Sessions alone the Grand Jury business costs the ratepayers £8,000 a year. And what about the Judges' Marshals? This sinecure should long since have been scrapped. The Judge's Marshal—I was one myself—is paid absurdly high and has one serious duty, to swear in the Grand Jury. It takes four minutes. For the rest, he is paid at the Country's charge (one to every judge on circuit every day of every Assize) to play bezique with the judge in the evening! The Marshal should be scrapped.

Lord Byng.—Lord Byng has vacated the office of Police Commissioner. When he accepted the post in 1928 the famous army commander took over a job usually assigned to lesser men from a stern sense of duty and a knowledge that he was about the only man fit to accomplish an urgent and Herculean task of supreme importance. Public confidence had become shaken in its "incorruptible" force and to restore that confidence immense tact, great strength, and unquestioned impartiality were needed in a leader whose character and probity were above reproach or question. Lord Byng agreed to act until confidence was restored. The devastation created within the force by the machinations of such notorious persons as "Ma" Meyrick became ever more apparent, as he went to work. His task was a hateful one. A year ago he believed it accomplished. Then came further revelations and more bitter, patient, impartial retribution. Ill as he was, Lord Byng felt bound to defer his resignation. Now, he has done all he can; the bad element has been cut out, keenness and merit once more are assured of recognition, a score of antiquated parts of the machinery have been scrapped, the system of conserving the peace and bringing the criminal to book is modernized, and justice flourishes inside the force to boot.

A Rare Spirit.—Thus Lord Byng's public career is at an end. He is a very remarkable man. As little typical of the average successful British General as was Wolfe; he has escaped in his career the sadly common fate of war leaders, the temporary eclipse of reputation due to political intrigue, to the jealousy or enmity of his superiors, or to the expensive luxury of too much talking, writing, controversy, or self-justification. In my own mind I class Lord Byng with Lord Knutsford. Both men ever detested show and shams, both hated red-tape, both possessed an overflowing love of humanity, both had a deep veneration for religion, both were philosophers and in a sense mystics. Both saw into the future and behind the cloak of conventions, forms, and fashions. Both were interesting conversationalists, stimulating theorists, encouragers of youth and new ideas, and witty and amusing companions. I will repeat one *bon mot* attributed to Lord Byng because it pleases me. A Canadian invited the Governor-General to shoot duck. Lord Byng waited in vain for a shot. His apologetic host at last made his appearance. "My dear fellow," was Lord Byng's smiling comment, "I think your duck is a *mallard imaginaire*."

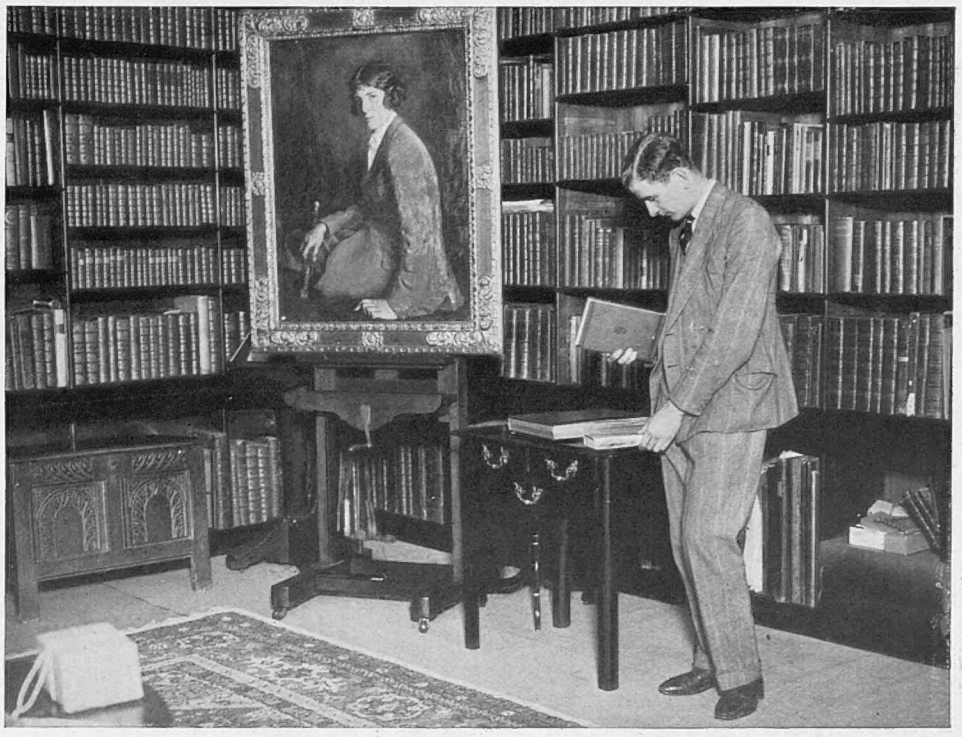
Electricity.—A good deal of attention will be devoted this winter to the huge problem of turning England into an electrically-minded nation. On this problem much of the hopes of the future depend. At present—with electric power at millionaire prices—we are not on the threshold of the new age. I do not believe that much advance can be made towards the general electrification of main line railways until some effort has been made to create electrically-minded citizens. For after all it is the citizens who must lend a few hundred millions to pay for the experiment, and until they have had a taste of the sweets and uses of cheap power they will not subscribe a penny towards the scheme. The pylons rise but power remains at a figure eight times beyond the means of the householder. Meanwhile, railway electrification is in an early but interesting experimental stage. The most important experiments are taking place in Northern Ireland. In England the Southern Railway is developing its electric system, committed inevitably to the ground level feed, although it is by no means proved that this is to be the effective and economic method of the future. That is why such extraordinary interest was taken in the Diesel electric locomotive system lately demonstrated at Olympia, which claims to be able to effect a main line electrification at one third of the cost of the system recommended in the Weir report, and more than that, by a gradual and economical process of piecemeal substitution for obsolete engines. I suppose that a problem of hardly less importance in the immediate future is that of the production of cruder oil fuels from coal. It is satisfactory to know that already in outer London there are motor buses plying on a crude product allied to creosote. While these hopes survive our coal industry is not dead but sleeping.

Faked Pearls and Swine.—The case of Evelyn Graham, otherwise Netley Lucas, who last week was sentenced to 18 months hard for defrauding a literary agent, casts a lurid light on the taste of the reading public. Lucas is quite illiterate, having "completed his education" at the age of 14 when he began prison life for theft. Ever since he has been more or less under detention as a confirmed criminal. During his releases he established his reputation as the polite biographer of Royalty and famous persons. A new royal biography by the inspired courtier and litterateur, Evelyn Graham, set the libraries in a flutter. To anybody with a grain of taste or education or knowledge these lamentable hashes, contributed to by a handful of illiterate scribblers and pilferers, were recognized as unfit for serious perusal.

THE OLD STAGER

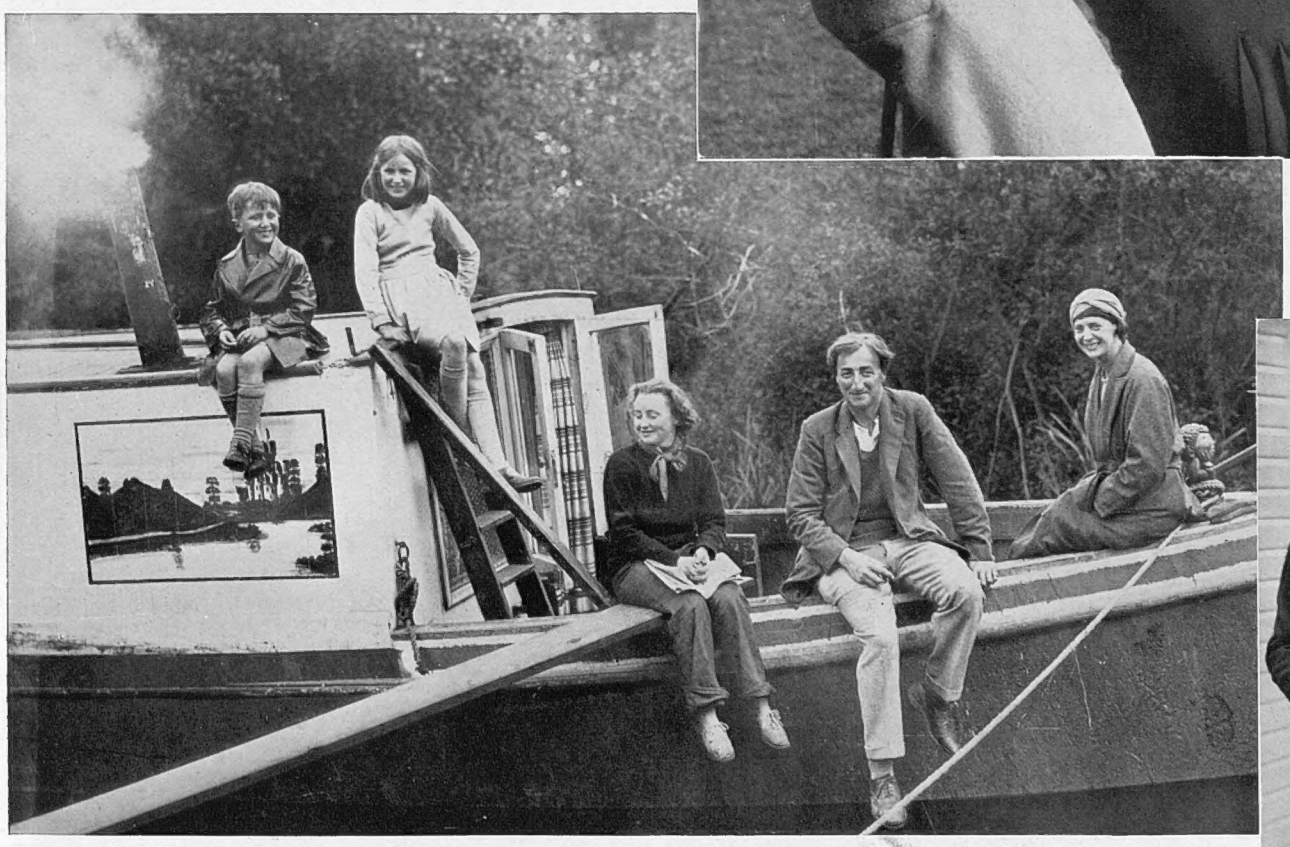
PERSONALITIES in the NEWS

IN SEARCH OF "ATMOSPHERE": Miss Corinne Griffiths, the distinguished film-star, with Mr. William Roscoe, another screen favourite, make a tour of the London docks in a Port of London Authority launch to get the correct atmosphere for a forthcoming production, scenes in which will be actually "shot" on the Thames



AN ETONIAN HOLDER OF TWO PEERAGES: Lord Walpole—who succeeded to the Baronies of Walpole of Walpole and Walpole of Wolterton on the death of his distant cousin, the Earl of Orford. The earldom becomes extinct for the second time since its tenure by the great Georgian Prime Minister, Sir Robert Walpole

AT THE ROYAL CALEDONIAN HUNT MEETING: Miss Pole-Carew with Miss Jean and Miss Marjorie Montagu-Douglas-Scott

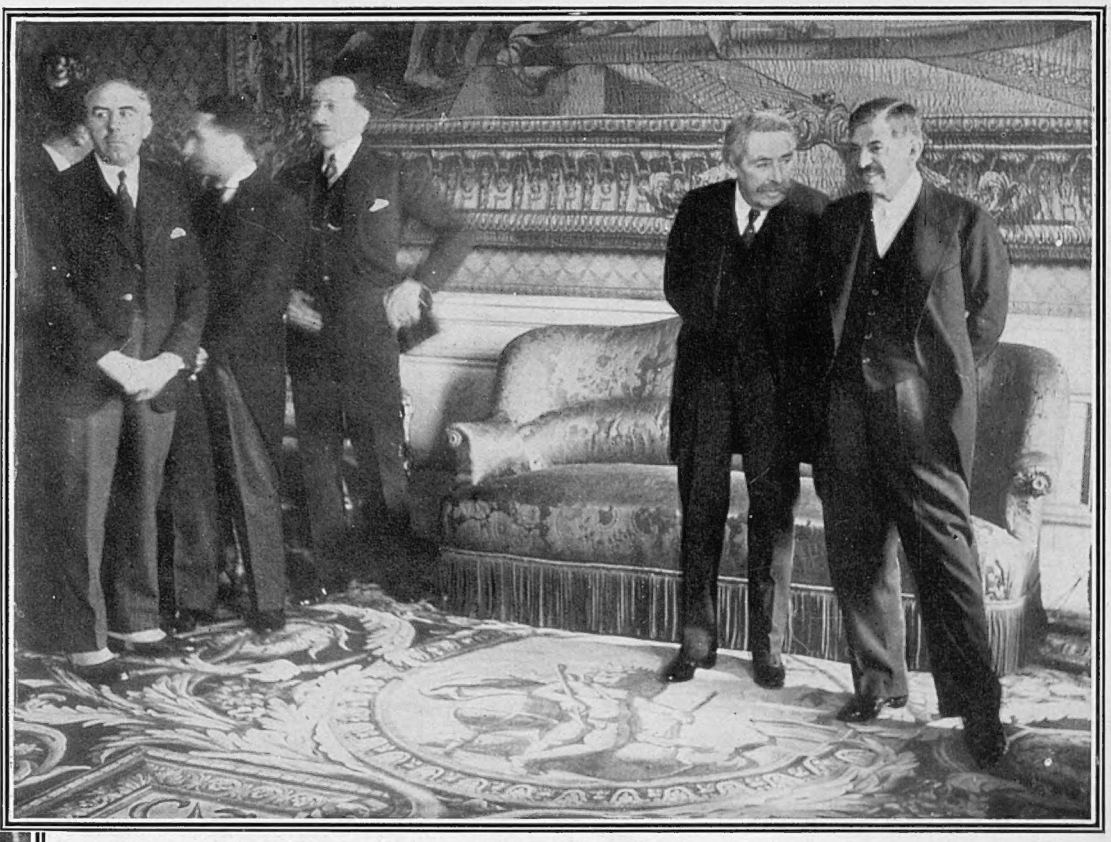


THE WATER GIPSIES: *Mr. A. P. Herbert, the distinguished author, on board his house-boat—a converted barge—"The Ark." Mr. Herbert is seen with Mrs. Herbert (right), his secretary, and his children. He has lent "The Ark" to assist in the production for the speaking screen of his magnificent book,* The Water Gipsies, *in which Miss Ann Todd and Mr. Ian Hunter are starring. The scenes are being filmed on the Grand Union Canal.* On right *is a glimpse of Captain Ian Norman MacLeod, 6th Gurkha Rifles, and Miss Stephanie Kathleen Pocock after their marriage at the Church of Our Lady of Victories, High Street, Kensington*

A *last* LOOK-ROUND

The Late News of the Week in Pictures

FLYERS FLOWN: 40,000 swallows picked up in the environs of Vienna, exhausted by adverse climatic conditions, were loaded into cages, laden on to aircraft, and flown south to Venice — a humane action sponsored by the Animal Protection League of Austria. On arrival they were freed to pursue their southward journey under their own power



BURYING THE HATCHET: M. Laval, the Premier, and M. Briand, the Foreign Minister of France, received an enthusiastic welcome on their arrival at Berlin, where they are seen above in conference at the Hotel Adlon. It is the first time since 1878 (the Congress of Berlin) that French Ministers in their official capacity have visited Berlin. They were greeted with cries of "Vive la paix" at the station, where they were met by Drs. Brüning and Curtius

THE SMOKING SEX: The latest gadget is a morocco leather handbag the mirror of which conceals cigarettes and matches. This was exhibited at the exhibition, opened by Mr. J. H. Thomas, of leather handbags at the Leathersellers' Hall

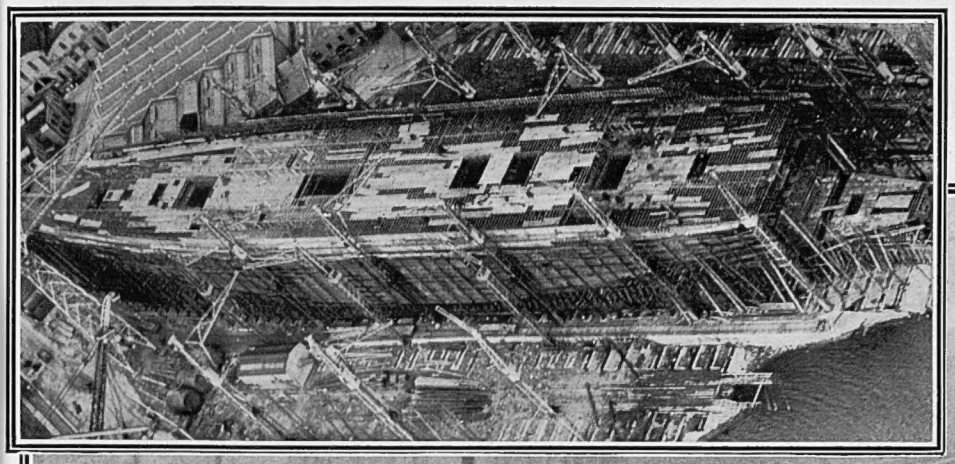
PERMITTED FRUIT: A great Festival in celebration of the grape harvest was held at the Piazza di Siena, Rome, at which decorated cars loaded with grapes from all the viticultural districts of Italy paraded in procession. The celebration was attended by many distinguished figures—notably Signor Mussolini, whose ability to grace thousands of public entertainments annually and yet carry on the main body of public work is the eighth wonder of the world, and Prince Boncompagni, Lord Mayor of Rome

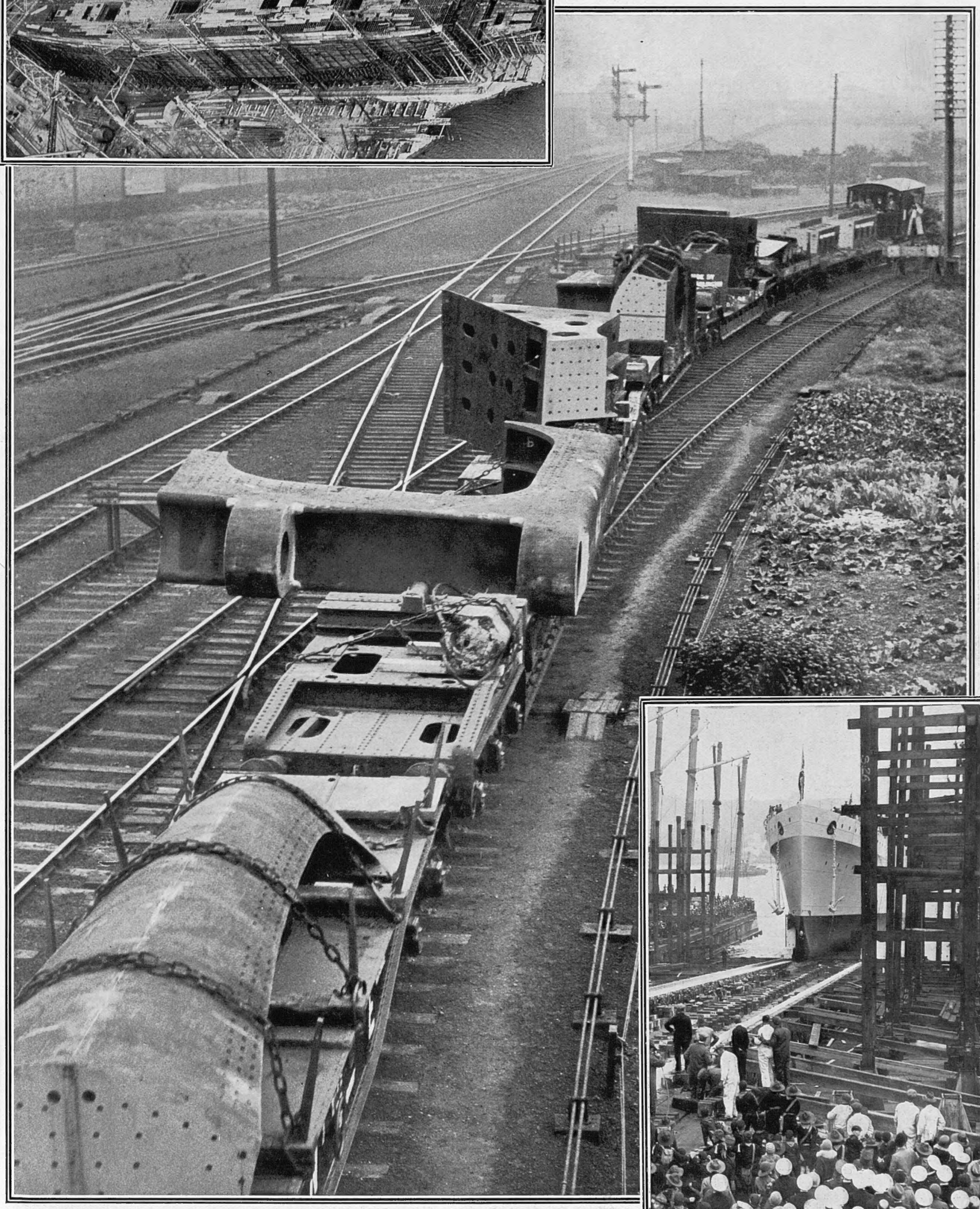
LADIES' GOLF: A scene at Ganton, where the Englishwomen's Championship is being held. Miss Esmond is seen above defeating Mrs. Garon. Those who fell in early rounds included Mrs. H. Guedalla, Lady Alness, Miss Snook, and Miss Doran. Miss Gourlay is a hot favourite as we go to press

CHEERING THEIR ILL-WISHER: Mr. Gandhi, who advocates a boycott of British goods and has engineered a 25 per cent. tariff against Lancashire, was cheered to the echo when he paid a visit to the Blackburn area. He is seen leaving Greenfield Mills, Darwen. His popularity is a bitter commentary on democratic government!

TRANSPORT HISTORY

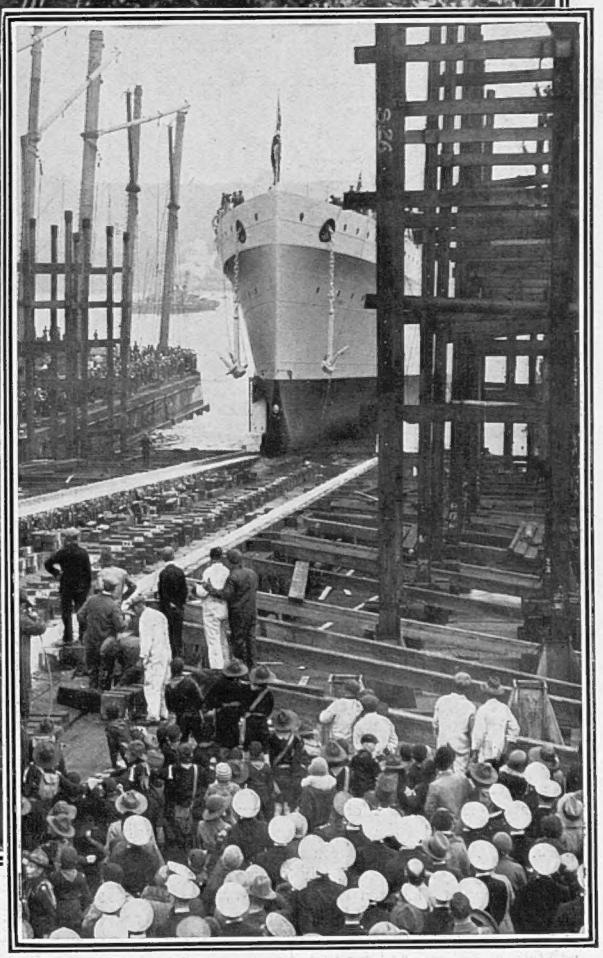
In the Making—an L.N.E.R. Record



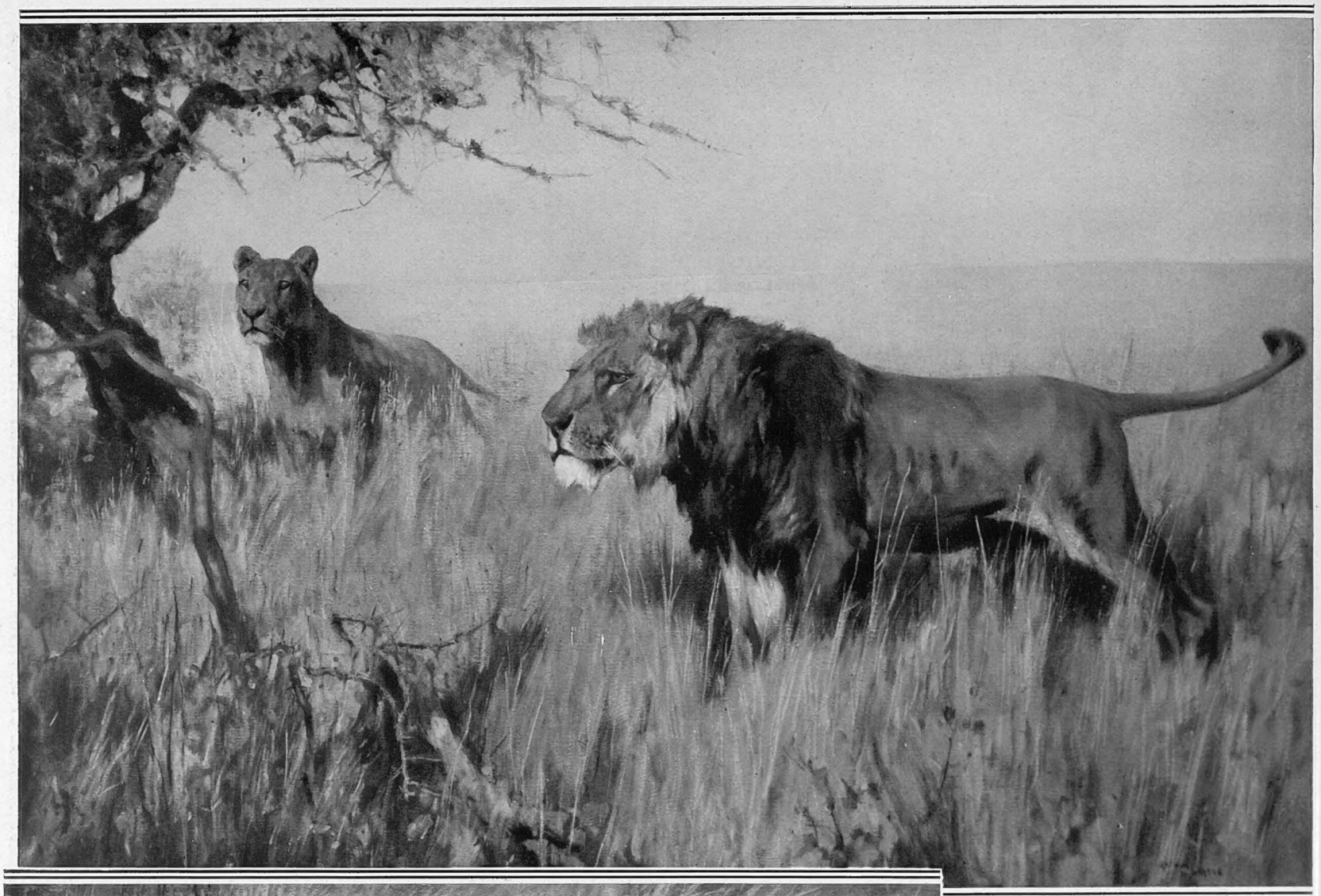


FROM DARLINGTON TO THE COAST: A new transport record was achieved last Sunday when the L.N.E.R. conveyed from the works of the Darlington Forge near to the Furness Shipbuilding Co.'s yard, Haverton Hill, eight castings, reputed to be the largest ever made. These are destined for the new Cunarder at present under construction by Messrs. John Brown and Co., Clydebank, Glasgow. The castings are part of the stern frame and shaft brackets. *Inset above* an air view of the embryonic 73,000 ton ocean greyhound as she is to-day

The castings which have been forged for the new 73,000-ton Cunard liner include a section of the stern frame which has a length of over 80 ft. weighing 190 tons; two brackets for the outer propeller shafts weighing 190 tons; and a rudder frame casting which weighs 134 tons. A train, 160 yards in length was arranged consisting of special wagons capable of carrying such concentrated weights. Six of these wagons have a carrying capacity varying from 50 to 81 tons, and upon these 280 tons of the castings were accommodated; the remainder (the rudder weighing 135 tons) are to be forwarded at a later date. The journey, which was one of only sixteen miles, took four hours to complete. Promptly at 7 a.m. the special train steamed away from the works' sidings at Albert Road, Darlington. A cause for anxiety was the fact that some of the castings overhung from the sides of the trucks for considerable distances on either side of the train. Both tracks on either side throughout the route were kept clear. The total overhang on the up-line side was no less than 12 ft. 11 ins. The whole of the weight had been distributed evenly, and, by surveying the track beforehand, the exact measurements of bridges and other immovable objects were calculated to fractions of an inch. At Norton West the engine was changed from one end to the other of the train, and the journey was safely accomplished according to schedule after a run without a single scratch.



BAPTISM: The new cruiser *Leander* entering the water at Devonport. She is the only ship of the 1929 programme to be proceeded with. She will carry 6-in guns in place of 8-in.



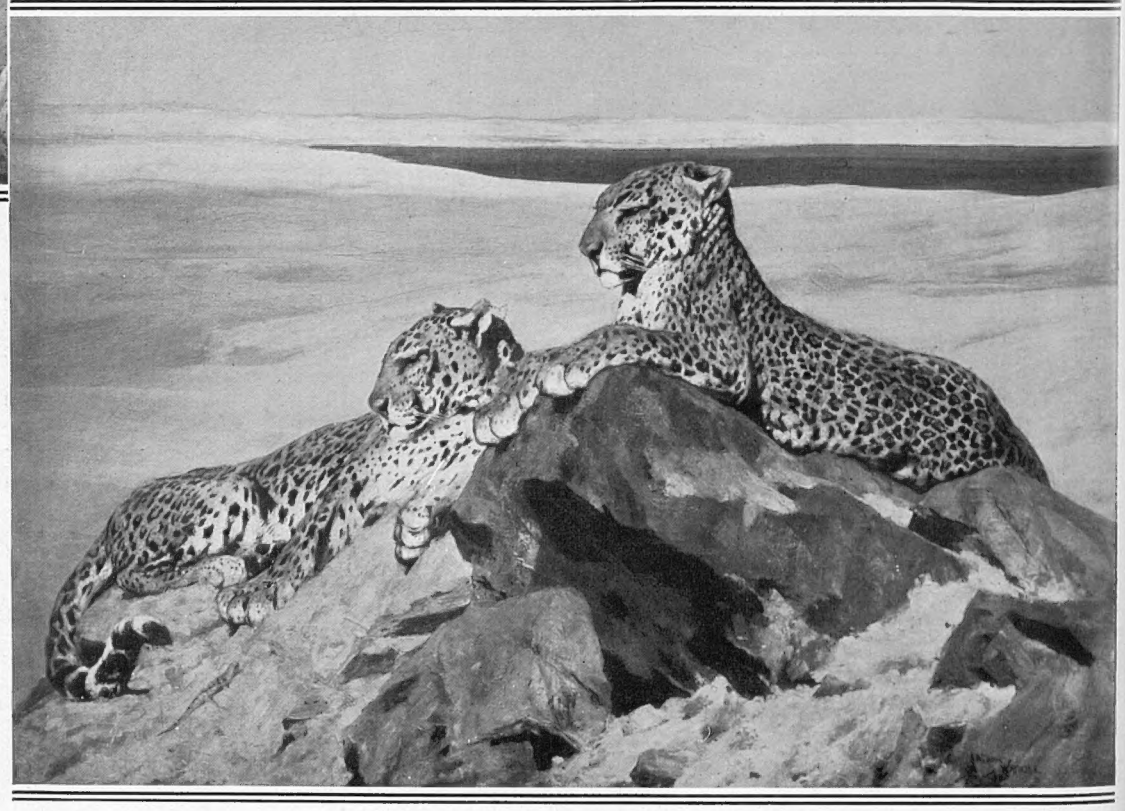
KING AND QUEEN: A vivid study of lion and lioness in wrath. The stiffened tail is an indication of the leonine mood

THE FIERCEST BEASTS IN THE WORLD: Tiger and tigress. In Roman days lions were matched against tigers in the circus and the latter were always victorious. *On right* is an impressive study of leopards

MONARCHS *of the* JUNGLE

Three Examples of the Art of Arthur Wardle — a First and Notable Exhibition of the London Art Season this Autumn

The West End art season opens with one or two brilliant exhibitions, one of the most popular of which will undoubtedly be the exhibition of Arthur Wardle's work. Mr. Wardle has been spending a lifetime of study with the great felines, and the result of his recent efforts is now to be seen on the walls of the Fine Art Society's Galleries, New Bond Street. Mr. Wardle is undoubtedly one of the best-equipped of the animal painters of to-day, and may be described as a successor to the late Mr. J. M. Swan, whose outstanding canvases will be remembered, notably his "Polar Bears Swimming" and "The Wounded Leopard." Mr. Wardle has a wonderful understanding of these great cats in their native surroundings, and suggests with remarkable fidelity that combination of immense power and languid, indolent grace which characterises the cats both large and small. We give on this page three typical examples of the work which Mr. Wardle is now exhibiting



A CRY *from the* HILLS HEARD *in* LONDON

Sheep-dogs in Action in Hyde Park Provide Londoners with their Latest Thrill

By W. HOLT-WHITE

IN ACTION: Mr. J. M. Wilson's *Craig*, a dog from Dumfries, getting sheep into the final pen

Have you ever heard 50,000 people cheer a sheep? And a foolish, blithering, blinking, troublesome, contrary, mutton-headed sheep at that? Certainly I never had till I went to the International Sheep-dog Trials in Hyde Park. Since then I have had a new respect for sheep. They know how to give a champion shepherd and his champion dogs a run for their money. And they know how to give the public a first-class show.

They are sportsmen, those sheep. They have no wits to pit against the wiles and blandishments of the shepherds who have to coax them through their little stunts—to stream from end to end of the course or pass in a given direction between hurdles and finally huddle into an iron pen. So the sheep just trot out their utter stupidity, and really they are just as stupid as you can make them. But they are good-natured and perfect little gentlemen. They seem to realize that the crafts and subtleties of the shepherd and the Machiavellian manœuvres of the dogs will best them in the end.

But they are at least philosophical about it. When at last they are penned they just stand and blink sheepishly at the applauding concourse. After all, they haven't been butchered to make a public holiday. So they just take it lying down—like lambs.

It was an immense and bold idea to stage sheep-dog trials in Hyde Park. Perhaps I am a bit of a sheep-head myself, but it would never have occurred to me that there was the ghost of a chance of getting an immense crowd of Londoners to turn out for such an event and spend long hours on a Saturday alternately in a wrapt, collective silence or in community paroxysms of wild vociferation. Boxers, yes; wrestlers, yes; athletes, yes; lions, tigers, elephants, oh yes. People would undoubtedly crowd to see them. But SHEEP!

Yet there these spectators were in tens of thousands, gathered about the mile-long course running parallel to Park Lane. They were jammed together as thick as squashed dates, pressing against the barriers or standing on chairs. And there was a real enclosure in which the *élite* sat in canvas rocking-chairs, and if anyone stood up or moved about there were maddened yells of "Sit down! Sit *down!*" from the proletariat at the back. They weren't going to miss any of the fun.

It is scarcely likely that one per cent. of them had ever witnessed a sheep-dog trial before; but within half an hour or so they had mastered the game; they knew all the shepherds and the dogs as well as they knew their own pet footballers. And if a sheep showed sport—by being extra stupid—didn't they just love that sheep? There was one they called "Bonzo."

It was altogether a wonderful spectacle, with the good smell of autumn earth in spite of the presence of so many people; and the October mist lurking round the edges of the crowd threw out a suggestion of the countryside. Such was the setting of the scene. Now for the leading actors.

And you must understand that—both dogs and men—it was an "all star" cast. They were champions all. Bagshaw of Yorkshire, Telfer from Cumberland, John Thorp of Derbyshire, L. J. Humphreys of Wales; and from Scotland those giants of men, "Sandy" Millar and James Wilson. For these men are practically everlastingly on tour, and they meet again and again as inevitably as do, say, Austin and Cochet, or Tilden and Borotra, or Betty Nuthall and Fräulein Aussem. In their way and to their own particular patrons these shepherds are as famous as any tennis players are to theirs.

So it is with the dogs, which are all so alike that they might have well come of the same litter. Working collies—smallish, black-coated dogs, with white breasts and pads; and all with the brightest, shrewdest eyes. Take Millar's Mirk and Ben. They are as beloved of their own followers as Charlie Chaplin is of film "fans."

THE COMPETITORS: A group of the sheep-dogs (which are not old English sheep-dogs but collies) that competed in the trials at Hyde Park

But *revenons à nos moutons*. For the shepherds couldn't give the show without the sheep. It's the old story of the organist and the organ-blower.

The sheep, of course, are not "stars." Nor are they trained. Yet these particular sheep were rather special sheep. They were imported for the occasion from wild Wales. Dwarfish and as woolly as they were wild; with tails that swished and looked like the tails of Persian cats. And they were extraordinarily fleet of foot. When in panic they could scuttle like rabbits. And their capacity for stubbornly doing the wrong thing was a joy to behold.

Well, it's impossible to describe all the convolutions of all the teams. I'll just pick out Millar working the International Course with Ben.

What a man! Six foot four or five with a stride suggestive of seven-league boots; and a rugged face, hewn out of red granite, flaming above his coat of Sunday black.

He strode out to the judge's stand and, mounting it, stood there looming like a pylon. A word and Ben was off on his errand. A stiff one, the stiffest indeed that can be given to any sheep-dog.

He is sent on a left-hand circuit to pick up ten sheep which he must drive through a gate in the middle of the course. Then he must leave those sheep and collect another ten from the opposite side of the course. Thereafter he must gather the twenty sheep and drive them down to his master. Following that he must "shed" out five marked sheep from the rest and finally pen them. Some job!

Well, Ben is off, *ventre à terre*, as though the devil were behind him. Far, far away in the distance you can see him bowling along like a frantic black pea. And now he has got his sheep and is driving them down before him to the gate. They scatter and he rounds them up. They bear away to the right. He describes a lightning half circuit and brings them back again. And now they are at the gate.

All the while the gigantic Millar looms on the platform calling to the dog. "Away to me, Ben! Away to me, Ben! Get over there! Now, now!"

Or he sticks his mighty fingers into his mouth and whistles. Not so shrill a whistle, but a whistle rather like the pipe of a bird. Is it possible that the dog can hear his master's gentle voice and piping whistle at so great a distance? True a hush has come upon the crowd; but still——

Yet the dog must hear him, for he obeys each command. Thus controlled by a masterly generalship from G.H.Q., stationed on the platform, the collie works his sheep nearer and nearer to the gap.

Lord! One of them has broken away. But only for a few seconds. Ben chases him back again. The sheep turns his back to his companions and stands and stares vacantly at the collie. Ben crouches on the turf like a cat. He wriggles 6 in. forward like a snake in the grass. The sheep steps 6 in. back. Another wriggle and the sheep is herded with his mates again. The deftest movement of his lithe body and Ben has swept them through the opening.

The crowd, which has watched in breathless silence, sends up a rattling cheer.

A whistle from "Sandy" and Ben is off for the other ten, and presently he is driving both lots down to his master. The giant shepherd steps down from the platform to meet them, and the "shedding" begins. Here man and dog work together. The point of Wilson's crook indicates a sheep. Sometimes the sheep follows the pointing crook meekly as though the victim of some hypnotic wand. Or "Sandy's" wand may point and Ben nips in and the sheep is "shed" and trots towards those already segregated.

Only one is obdurate. A strange, skittish, pretty creature, but as obtuse and obstinate as an ash-blonde chorus girl. Perhaps it is a lady.

For a while she defeats every endeavour. Then a cheer goes up as at last she is "shed" and goes streaking down the wind.

Ben and his master devote themselves to other matters, but no sooner are their backs turned than the strange, shy, and obstinate one comes racing back again. A great roar of laughter and a shout of warning rises from the crowd. Ben wheels in a flash and hurls himself in the path of the oncoming rebel, like a goalkeeper diving to save a goal. And he stops her—it must be her—just in the nick of time. That settles it. The wayward one knows at last that she is beaten.

"How is it done?"

I stood beside the towering figure of James Wilson from Moffat and put the question to him. A wonderful grin suddenly split the tan of his hatchet face.

"How is it done?" I repeated. "Is it telepathy between man and dog, or what?"

His grin widened.

"It's just training," he said. "Doon!" he whispered to the dog, and pressed its jowl gently on the grass. "Doon! That's the first lesson. Then you go on like that. Patience. That's all."

He straightened up. His grin vanished, his majestic face became graven. He returned grimly to a great Doric silence. I looked down at the collie. Do collies wink? If so, this one did.

WISDOM AND FOLLY: The sage dog controls the stupid sheep, executing the designs of his master with uncanny—almost telepathetic—accuracy

What is LIFE?

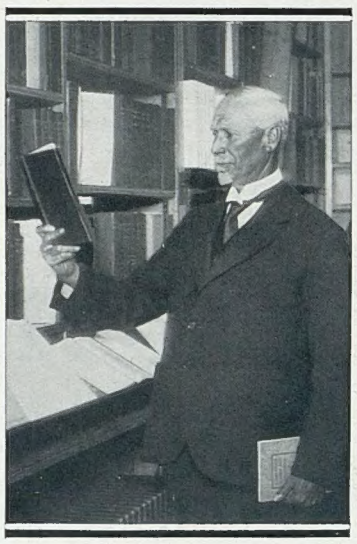
Excerpts from General Smuts's Remarkable Inaugural Address to the British Association's Centenary Meeting in London

"Time is as much of the essence of things as space; it enters from the first into their existence as an integral element. Time is not something extra and superadded to things in their behaviour, but is integral and basic to their constitution. The stuff of the world is thus envisaged as events instead of material things.

"This physical concept or insight of space-time is our first revolutionary innovation, our first complete break with the old world of common sense. . . .

"The new concept has made it possible to construe matter, mass, and energy as but definite measurable conditions of curvature in the structure of space-time. . . .

"The space-time world, however novel, however shattering to common sense, is not in conflict with reason. Indeed, the space-time world is largely a discovery of the mathematical reason, and is an entirely rational world. . . .



GENERAL SMUTS: Statesman and philosopher

"Another fundamental discovery of our age has apparently taken us beyond the bounds of rationality, and is thus even more revolutionary than that of space-time. I refer to the quantum theory, Max Planck's discovery at the end of the nineteenth century, according to which energy is granular, consisting of discrete grains of quanta. The world in space-time is a continuum; the quantum action is a negation of continuity. Thus arises the contradiction, not only of common sense, but apparently also of reason itself. The quantum appears to behave like a particle, but a particle out of space or time. . . .

The Mysterious Quantum.

"The significant thing is that this strange quantum character of the universe is not the result of theory but is an experimental fact well attested from several departments of physics. In spite of the strange Puck-like behaviour of the quantum we should not lightly conclude, with some prominent physicists, that the universe has a skeleton in its cupboard in the shape of an irrational or chaotic factor. . . .

"Space-time finds its natural completion in organic evolution. For in organic evolution the time aspect of the world finds its most authentic expression. The world truly becomes process, where nothing ever remains the same or is a duplicate of anything else, but a growing, gathering, creative stream of unique events rolls forever forward. . . .

"We should be careful not to identify the time of evolution with that of space-time. There is a very real difference between them. Biological time has direction, passes from the past to the future, and is therefore historical. It corresponds to the 'before' and 'after' of our conscious experience. Physical time as an aspect of space-time is neutral as regards direction. . . .

"I do not for a moment wish to say that the quantum is the physical basis of life, but I do say that in the quantum the physical world offers an analogy to life which is at least suggestive. The quantum follows the all-or-nothing law, and behaves as an indivisible whole; so does life. A part of a quantum is not something less than a quantum: it is nothing or sheer nonentity; the same holds true of life. . . .

"The quantum does not fall completely within the deterministic casual scheme; the same seems true of life. . . .

"The nature of living things is determined, not by the nature of their parts, but by the nature or principle of their organization. In short, the quantum and life seem to have this in common, that they both behave as wholes. . . .

"In the ultimate analysis of the world, both at the physical and the biological level, the part or unit element somehow becomes shadowy and incoherent, and the very basis of mechanism is undermined. It would almost seem as if the world in its very essence is holistic, and as if the notion of individual parts is a practical makeshift without final validity in the nature of things. . . .

"Physics and biology are beginning to look not so utterly unlike each other. Hitherto the great gulf in Nature has lain between the material and the vital, between inorganic matter and life. This gulf is now in process of being bridged. . . .

"So far from biology being forced into a physical mould, the position will in future be reversed. Physics will look to biology and even to psychology for hints, clues, and suggestions. . . .

"A living individual is a physiological whole, in which the parts or organs are but differentiations of this whole for purposes of greater efficiency, and remain in organic continuity throughout. They are parts of the individual, and not independent or self-contained units which compose the individual. It is only this conception of the individual as a dynamic organic whole which will make intelligible the extraordinary unity which characterizes the multiplicity of functions in an organism, the mobile, ever-changing balance and interdependence of the numerous regulatory processes in it, as well as the operation of all the mechanisms by which organic evolution is brought about. This conception applies not only to individuals, but also to organic societies, such as a beehive or an ants' nest, and even to social organizations on the human level. . . .

Patterns in Nature.

"Without this revelation of inner meaning and significance the external physical universe would be but an immense empty or crumpled surface. The brute fact here receives its meaning, and a new world arises which gives to Nature whatever significance it has. As against the physical configurations of Nature we see here the ideal patterns or wholes freely created by the human spirit as a home and an environment for itself.

"Among the human values thus created science ranks with art and religion. In its selfless pursuit of truth, in its vision of order and beauty, it partakes of the quality of both. More and more it is beginning to make a profound æsthetic and religious appeal to thinking people. Indeed, it may fairly be said that science is perhaps the clearest revelation of God to our age. Science is at last coming into its own as one of the supreme goods of the human race. . . ."

What is an ELECTION?

The Machinery Involved in a Change of Government Described by a Past Chairman of the Parliamentary Lobbyists

A General Election is an instrument by which about 30,000,000 voters will elect 615 M.P.s to form a more or less new House of Commons. It is also a machine by which the people will decide roughly what set of men will form a body perhaps more important than the House of Commons, namely, the dozen or so of individuals who will be the Cabinet.

How is a General Election brought about and how is it carried out? A General Election is usually caused by one of a very few circumstances. One: the five years, which is the limit of time allowed for a Parliament to sit without going to the people for a fresh mandate, may have expired or nearly expired.

Two: a Government may have been thrown out one evening by a big adverse vote of the House of Commons on some main matter of principle or policy.

Three: a Cabinet may decide that, if it outstays its welcome much longer, such popular support as it believes it has may dwindle to vanishing point, so it may think fit to appeal to the country while the going's good and so seek a new lease of power.

Four: the Cabinet may, as in the present instance, decide that such new national and international conditions have arisen and such new differences in our hitherto basic principles should be made, that there is nothing for it but to go to the people as a fresh party or as a fresh combination of parties in the hope of getting a big, unmistakable mandate for new departures in our national affairs.

With regard to this consideration it must be remembered that the definite simple party alignment has gone.

Gone is the time when we could say with W. S. Gilbert, that:

> Every boy and every gal
> That's born into this world alive
> Is either a little Liberal
> Or else a little Conservative.

But not so definitely gone are the circumstances referred to by Gilbert in *Iolanthe:*

> When all night long M.P.s divide
> If they've a brain and cerebellum, too,
> They've got to leave that brain outside,
> And vote just as their leaders tell 'em to.

Now how is a General Election carried out?

First of all, a Royal Proclamation dissolving the old Parliament and calling a new one is made by the King on the advice of his Ministers. His Majesty gives a warrant to the Lord Chancellor to issue writs for the election of a new Parliament. (Parliament, however, consists of two houses—one, "the Lords Spiritual and Temporal," namely the archbishops, bishops, and peers; and two, the House of Commons, which is the assembly of 615 popularly elected M.P.s.)

The counties, the boroughs, and the universities then proceed to elect men or women to serve in the new Parliament. Each party has hundreds of candidates ready to face the contest.

The principle has always been maintained that every member represents the interests of some definite locality or place.

Polls nowadays have to be held in all constituencies on one and the same day. The day for nomination of candidates for election is the eighth day after the date of the Proclamation by which the King declares the calling of the Parliament, and the day for the poll is the ninth day after the day of nomination.

If, at the appointed time on nomination day, no more candidates in a constituency are nominated than there are vacancies (some places return one M.P. and some return two) those candidates nominated are declared duly elected.

A man may become M.P. on nomination day through one of two causes. One, he may be the only candidate standing in that constituency or, two, he may be the only one who has come along to the local nomination office with the requisite £150 deposit. In recent franchise legislation the £150 deposit rule has been set up to prevent a lot of frivolous persons getting themselves nominated. (This has not always kept out *all* the frivolous persons!) This £150 is returned to the candidate after the election, but if he does not poll one-eighth of the total votes recorded in that constituency he loses this deposit.

The returning officer in each locality gives the legal public notice of the names of candidates elected and the total number of votes given to each candidate, and the writ, endorsed with the name of the person elected, is then returned to the Clerk of the Crown in Chancery to whom all documents relating to the election are delivered.

The successful candidate is then an M.P. for five years—unless death, bankruptcy, or some such thing as the appointment to some office, or another General Election, comes along. Few Parliaments ever run the full time allowed by statute—which is now five years.

Now comes that great product of the General Election, the formation of the Cabinet. The M.P.s talk in the House of Commons publicly, and many of the thousands of speeches I have heard do not matter. The Cabinet sits in private in the serene, pillared Room of Secrets at 10, Downing Street, or in a place behind the Speaker's Chair, and no report of its quiet, business-like conversations is ever published. The Cabinet is the Executive of this realm.

A Bill often produces a thousand times as much talk in the House as it did in the Cabinet. Lloyd George, for instance, does not orate about "the banners of the dawn" when he is in a Cabinet Council.

Under the recent gigantic additions to the franchise, our General Elections are now carried out by full adult suffrage. Therefore many millions of people have the vote with no qualifications for using it. So a General Election provides great opportunities for the Compleat Cheer Maker, the Glib Promiser, and the Biggest Liar.

At the same time the vote gives the masses the right to question candidates, and this right is used in great strength in that land of the born heckler, Scotland. Sometimes they meet a born heckler-proof candidate, such, for instance, as Mr. Churchill. I have enjoyed seeing him blithely knocking down "posers" like ninepins. On the other hand, the winning candidate and I have addressed, in Scotland, audiences which have sat silent and motionless, so many uninspiring rows of still heads.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL: The heckler-proof candidate

To show the difference, I once held Willie Redmond in a cart in the midst of a surging, roaring, cheering mob in Cork while he addressed the excited thousands. He turned to me and said quietly, "Yes, but this doesn't mean votes." He was defeated.

With this vast electorate, but with leaders who are mostly men of long years of experience in Parliament, in State Departments, in the detail of administration and the study of public affairs, this General Election is about to take place.

Charles T. King

SPANS from Shore to Shore

Four Notable Bridges of the World

UP TOWN, NEW YORK: The George Washington Memorial Bridge over the Hudson runs from Fort Lee, N.J., to Washington Heights (128th Street)—a crossing hitherto effected by ferry. The bridge was opened last week by Vice-President Curtis, Governor Roosevelt of New York, and Governor Larned of New Jersey

CONGESTION RELIEVED: Work in progress on the widening of Putney Bridge which, especially during the summer, is one of the most thronged of bridges in the metropolitan area. When there are great events toward at Ranelagh or Roehampton—and, above all, during Wimbledon Fortnight—Putney Bridge presents a phalanx of traffic, to which the trams acutely contribute. The roadway is being doubled in width. Fulham Church and Fulham Palace Gardens are seen above—the picture being taken from the Putney end

"SYDNEY HARBOUR BRIDGE": An exquisite nocturne on exhibition at the London Salon of Photography, at the R.W.S. Galleries, 5A, Pall Mall East. It was taken by H. Cazneaux of Australia, and shows the flare in lights of the harbour through the soaring arch of the structure, curiously akin in design to the Hell Gate Bridge, New York

A RECORD ENGINEERING FEAT: The great new railway bridge over the Indus only recently opened to traffic. The city of Kalabagh is seen across the water. The bridge carries the North Western Railway. Hitherto the only means of transport was a ferry steamer from Mari Ghat, seen in the foreground. This lengthy bridge has been completed in record time. Kalabagh is a centre well known to the Indian army

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SNOW MEN

CHAMONIX.

I see them each morning as they stand in the little narrow street of this mountain village. Men in old clothes, wearing hobnailed boots, and showing taut, yellow faces to the world. Nothing particularly inspiring about them. A little silver badge is all that distinguishes them from the other folk of the valley. Yet for a few shillings they are willing to tempt death on mountains that still rumble with the sound of avalanches, or carry you across glaciers cracked with crevasses.

Perhaps it is significant that these snow men always gather within a few yards of the little church in Chamonix. I have seen them, before they begin an ascent of Mont Blanc, enter that church and hurriedly cross themselves. Then they come forth and begin their climb up one of the world's worst mountains with the casual air of a man who decides to take a stroll in Hyde Park.

The snow men have had a bad season this year. The weather has made climbing a treacherous business. There have been deaths on the mountains, but the record of the guides is still unsullied. Chamonix, this year, has known nineteen fatalities, nineteen bodies have been brought down from the heights and carried into this village. But in each case the mountain had been attempted without a guide. The guides formed the rescue parties, and spent perilous nights searching for the unfortunate climbers.

These snow men deserve to have their epic written. They are ready at all hours of the night, whatever the weather, to go towards the steel-like slopes in response to some desperate SOS that has come from the heights. And they will not rest until they have found what they sought. But, although I have enjoyed the close comradeship of the mountain hut with many guides, they chill like the winter slopes when asked to talk of their own achievements.

Rescue work on the mountains has now been greatly helped by the use of aeroplanes. In Switzerland the guides have formed themselves into a semi-State Rescue Department, controlled by the Swiss Alpine Club. The aeroplanes belong to the Confederate Military Department.

The other day in this valley I watched an aeroplane skirting the slopes of the mountains searching for some lost climbers. The pilot had in his cockpit a parcel containing blankets, bandages, spirit-stove and food, which could be dropped by parachute if he sighted the climbers. But until one has actually flown in this narrow corridor of mountains, the danger of aeroplane rescue work cannot be fully appreciated. The pilot has to fly his machine up and down the valley, turning at each end of the corridor of mountains and lifting his machine a little higher. One is acutely conscious of those snow slopes and rocky peaks which seem near enough to be touched by stretching a hand from the machine. The aeroplane on this occasion was flown by a pilot known as "The Eagle of the Alps." And well deserved was the title.

If the pilot of an aeroplane should discover the scene of the accident, he swoops down towards the little line of guides ascending the mountain and drops an accurate sketch map which reveals the position at once to them. Often when the guides reach the spot they have the task of bringing down some desperately injured climber. For this purpose a collapsible stretcher is used and carefully lowered by two guiding-lines to successive ledges. A third cord is fixed directly to the body of the injured man.

Sometimes the guides themselves are victims to the mountain. One cannot tempt death indefinitely. Yet beneath their rather glum exterior the spirit of bright bravery shines. If they are to die, then let it be in the burning sunshine above the clouds, or with their backs glued against the rocks. That is a journey's end worthy of the snow man.

The guides of the Alps are still mourning the death of Hermann Perren of Zermatt, one who deserved to be called the ace of snow men. Perren was a hero to all those guides who have sweated and shivered among the peaks and passes of the Bernese Oberland, the Jungfrau ranges, and the Italian Alps. At the age of sixty Perren could claim 143 ascents of the famous Matterhorn. He knew every rock, every snow slope of one of the world's worst mountains. But he had set himself to climb that peak 150 times, after which he promised his family and friends that he would retire.

The Matterhorn has to be treated with respect. Even Perren realized that. For, in 1920, when he was attempting one of his earliest ascents, a snow-covered crevasse opened under his feet and dragged Perren and his charge into its depths. When the rescue party descended with the aid of ropes they found Perren badly injured by the side of his dead companion. He carried the scars of that experience to the end.

And the end came like the crack of doom that is the sound of the avalanche. Perren was on his 144th ascent. Roped to a companion he was passing over a spot that he had trampled with his snow boots many times. Yet, suddenly, the snow disappeared beneath his feet, and into 150-foot crevasse Perren fell dragging his companion with him. The bodies were recovered later, frozen rigid in their icy tomb. Perren has now been enshrined with that hero of Mont Blanc, Jacques Balmat, whose epic was written by Alexandre Dumas.

W. J. Makin

The LAND of JACQUES BONHOMME

How Agriculture Stabilizes the Life of France

By ROY ELSTON

(Who has just returned from a journey through the Republic)

Throughout the whole of France there is, at this moment, the stir of harvest. White roads pierce through miles of honey-coloured sheaves broken systematically by fields of autumn vegetables. The scent of drying hay gives a curiously nostalgic warmth to the air, as if it reminded one of distant childhood—the childhood of all peoples, when to till the soil was man's natural and irresistible impulse.

Outside the big cities, which are relatively few and far between, that impulse remains natural and irresistible to the Frenchman. His countryside is therefore a revelation of the richness of the soil and of the industry of the peasant, who has developed a system of crop rotation which ensures what amounts almost to perpetual productivity. This

A QUESTION OF PRICE: A market day scene at Le Puy, which demonstrates the agricultural nature of the country

combination of industry and science, strikingly abetted by a Government that appreciates the immense national value of agriculture, has produced the wealthiest peasantry in Europe.

That result is not only economically satisfying to France. It is also æsthetically delightful to everyone who visits the country between the months of April and November. One comes back from such a visit in the mood of the Israelite messengers who had been sent to inquire on the qualities of the Land of Canaan. The feeling is so strong that certain countries are urging their depressed farmers to emigrate into France. Even the Dutch, who are likewise a people devoted to the soil, are being enticed by their national Press to seek the Promised Land.

Not that rural life in France is solely a question of milk and honey. Much of the land is poor, and its fruits hardly won; but no acre is permitted to lie idle, and the conditions of tenure, together with an adequate system of financial support from the banks, allow even the man who farms comparatively poor land to produce and market in excess of his expenses. On the other hand, the relative absence of big estates maintained principally for the chase, or as idle park-lands, opens up the maximum of fertile land to the industry of the people.

Little wonder, therefore, if France is without an unemployment problem. Her land can absorb every man who cares to put his hand to the plough. The problem of France is a shortage of labour, not a surplus. As in Henry V's time, and for the same tragic reason—

> "All her husbandry doth lie in heaps
> Corrupting in its own fertility."

Meanwhile, the entire peasantry, from grandmother to toddling grandchild, exerts itself to maintain French agriculture in its enviable prosperity, and so establishes a proper proportion in the economic life of the country.

This prosperity is less evident in the country towns and villages than in the fields themselves. The peasants of France, unlike those of many other countries, rarely build a homestead among the fields they cultivate; but prefer to collect in small, rambling communities from which, each morning, they may be seen setting out to their lands, distant in some cases as much as five or six miles. Accompanied by groaning farm-carts, yoked oxen, scythes, pitchforks, and all the seasonable paraphernalia of their occupation, clad in smock and phrygian cap, and jesting heavily, as is the way of farmers, with each other and with the 'kerchiefed womenfolk and children who squat solemnly in the dungy drays, they present a picture which even to-day varies little from that of the days of serfdom.

The peasant class, which revolutions are frequently supposed to liberate, do in fact suffer hardly any change at all from such events. In the land itself they serve a master which neither king nor council dare thwart without serious consequences. The life of the peasant is therefore not one of ease. It is in fact a monotonous and stupefying life, and only the casual passer-by is inspired to pastoral idylls by its current manifestations.

Even that casual observer, when he leaves the fields and sunken roads where the hay-carts creak, will suffer rare shock among the noisome and insanitary villages of the French countryside. Every other house is, of course, not only a dwelling for the farmer, his wife and children, and probably a grandparent or two, but also for the mixed stock which every prudent French farmer breeds, and which frequently tides him over the occasional agricultural depression which not even France escapes. This stock ranges from cows to geese, pigs, and chickens. Stalls, styes, and coops are raked at daily, and their refuse piled into the middle of the front courtyard against the time when the fields must be fertilized; for although phosphates are increasingly used in the soil of France, the peasant still, and rightly, asserts that common dung ensures richer produce than the finest artificial fertilizers on the market.

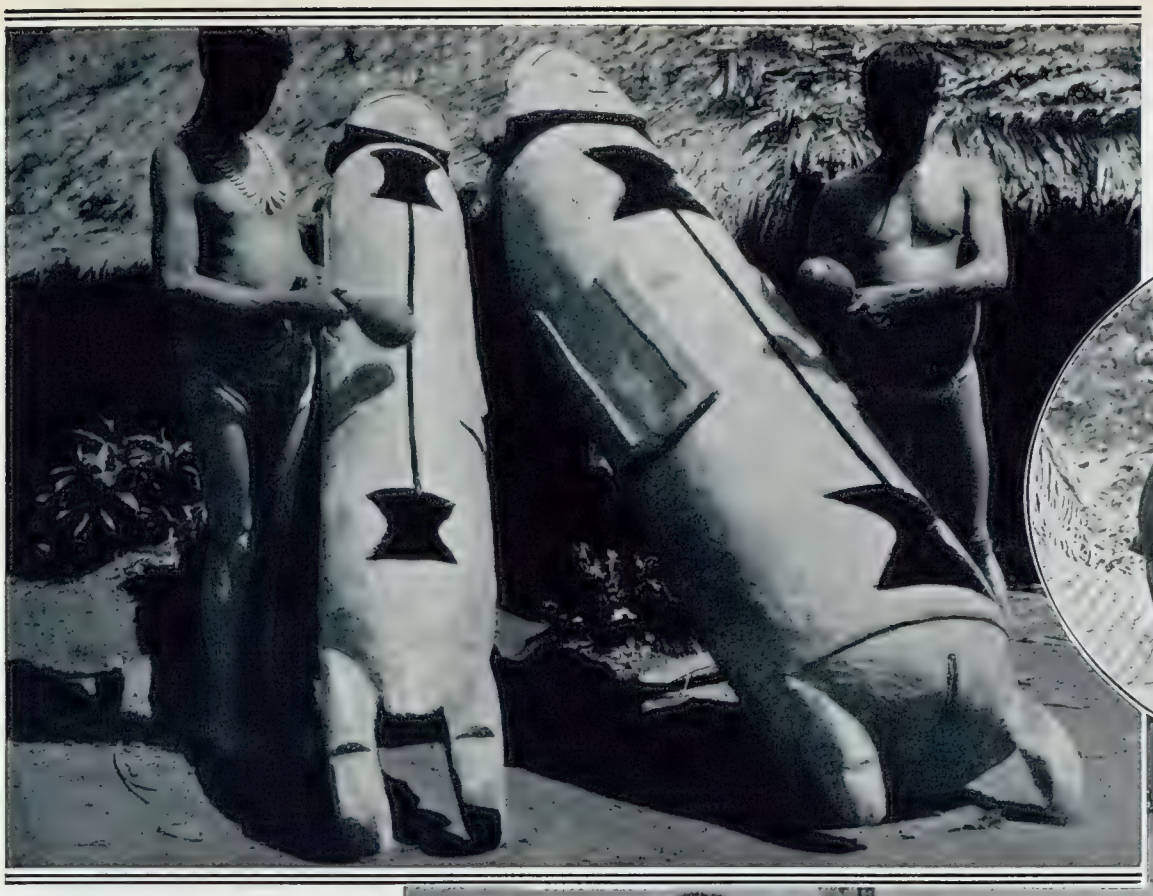
At the end of his day's toil the peasant takes his place at an uncovered deal table, drinks his bowl of soup and his carafe of *vin ordinaire*, and is soon abed. Now and then he takes a day off to argue vigorously with a neighbour in the local law courts; and, the case concluded, spends the rest of his time at a café drinking sharp, inky wine, and discussing his success or failure with a sufficiently critical audience. Beyond such events as this, he and his wife rely for diversion upon funerals, marriages, christenings, confirmation ceremonies, and their periodic visit to the nearest market town.

In the market towns one sees the rural life of France in more lively setting. As a general rule they are towns with lengthy and honourable antecedents, and have maintained continuity of purpose since the days of Charlemagne. Hither, on market days, come the peasants from scores of surrounding villages, driving their stock before them, or bringing cart-loads of pigs, vegetables, fruit, and hay to be offered for sale in some cobbled square beneath the shadow of a stained and crumbling Gothic church. There is no scene more heartening than a busy French market square, with its ancient plane trees spread above café tables, stalls of ripe fruits, piles of monstrous pumpkins and groups of pink sucking-pigs; its centre a litter of the earth's produce, guarded shrewdly by the lean, black-frocked farmer, and shrilly haggled over by portly merchants and housewives whose nature it is, when buying, to make plain their comtempt for the miserable goods they are offered. The scent of fruit, vegetables, and squealing pigs mingles with the odour of horse and harness, which block every tributary street, and which seem to confirm, once and for all, the antiquity of the scene.

Life is in that scene. Life is, indeed, the essential feature of rural France, which nowhere gives the impression that its importance must give way before the advance of industry. The vitality of French agriculture is the assurance that French prosperity will continue when largely industrial nations know not which way to turn for their sustenance. It is the assurance of a healthy national life, and of immense resources against time of stress; and it is equally the assurance of a pleasant countryside in which men labour with a fine simplicity, and where every acre is forced to yield its worth,

WORKING FOR THEMSELVES: Two heifers bring home fodder—a frequent scene in the valley of the Loire

DRUMS
of the Wild



DRUMS OF THE AMAZON: Two gigantic Tom-toms wrought in the conventionalized human form that passes for heraldry among the South American Indians. These huge drums are smitten with bulb-ended sticks, and travellers up the Amazon speak of being pursued by their throbbing menace. As well as being instruments of music they are a means—and an efficient means—of communication

In oval—*WHERE MEN MAKE UP: A Bororo Indian belle paints the face of her husband for a festival dance. The women use no paint, as is the case of the North American Indian. The Bororos live on the River of Doubt, in the Brazilian hinterland*

Ewing Galloway

AFRICAN CHESS: A curious game played by the natives of Angola. The "board" is a slab with 28 square troughs in it—arranged in four rows of 7. Each trough in the exterior rows is, to "set the board," filled with two beans

On left:—*A LOKALI OF THE CONGO: One of the great signal drums of West and West Central Africa with which news is pounded forth from tribe to tribe. It is by this means that the African natives learn tidings of which district authorities are not yet aware, despite the instruments of modern communication such as telegraph, telephone and wireless. This particular example is made from the hollowed half-trunk of a large tree*

THE ARIZONA OF SPAIN

UNIQUE: The Cañon of Mount Gallinero is the only semi-circular valley-boundary in Spain; on the left is Mount Tozal del Mallo. The formation of the cliffs and the lie of the surrounding scenery is strongly reminiscent of the Grand Cañon of the U.S.A., although the rocks, being reddish-yellow or yellowish-grey lack the flame tint that forms one of the most impressive features of the latter

THE TERMINATION OF THE CAÑON: This view shows the end of the Cañon of Saoso, dominated by the towering Mount Perdido—the highest peak in this picturesque and un-European area

RUGGED GRANDEUR per
Tozal Del Mallo whil ow
path on Mount Cota gr
made only by the in
sheer w

There is a little known district in the Spanish Pyrenees more reminiscent of the glorious scenery of the West of America than any other area in the world. This is the country round Ordesa in the north of Aragon. Entering from Broto, a fortified village of medieval aspect, one crosses a Roman bridge guarded by a tower still mentally associated with the Inquisition, Broto is a place of small but fascinating inns where the famous Spanish courtesy is seen to its best advantage, whence mules can be hired for those who dread the arduous climbing travel in the district involves. Beyond Broto is Torla in the abundant streams of which the natives do their washing, clean their vegetables, and whence they draw their household requirements. Ord
another Roman bridge mer
reaches the National Park urp

THE ENTRANCE: The village of Broto with its Roman bridge over which one approaches the Ordeso

The Valley of Ordesa, Huerca, Aragon, in the Pyrenees, is an Area Little Known and Less Visited; this Series of Special Pictures Taken by Adolf Zerkowitz of Barcelona Shows the Astonishing Characteristics of this Strange District

THE VALLEY OF ORDESA: A general view of the Cañon of Saoso taken during a recent ascent of Mount Perdido (1,089 ft.). The whole area has adequate shelters and mules can be obtained for transport. The vegetation is almost entirely fir and the district is prolific in waterfalls. The terminations of mountain ridges stand out like giant ruined fortresses

PANORAMA: A view taken from the Faja de Pelay. On the left is Mount Gallinero; in the centre is Mount Cotaduero with its cascade; on the right is Mount Francata, and in the background are Mount Casco and Mount Marbore (about 10,400 ft.). The term *Faja* signifies a natural road between mountains

CASCADE: One of the many waterfalls graces Mount Cotaduero

Dense firs and pines, sheer walls of reddish-yellowish-greyish rock, many cascades tossing and purling their silver way down the precipitous slopes, render the neighbourhood something of a Spanish Eden. Thereafter comes the so-called "High Valley" of Ordesa (4,225 ft.) with its three inns, and at its end is the famous Cañon surrounded by Mounts Perdido, Marbore, and Cylinder. In this impressive setting the edelweiss flourishes and the mountain goats take their precipitous way, fox and deer abound, the gentian carpets the earth with azure and the rock-rose blooms in splendour. Beyond, again, are Roland's Brash, the Faja de Pelay, and Cotaduero—a sublime and glorious region equally superb in summer or winter. The district is evidently a very rich and untouched one for the artist.

r picture shows Mount
v shows a precipitous
ess along which can be
ron staple driven into the
vall

desa, a natural and govern-
ntally, protected area of
prising beauty and majesty.

HOME NEWS

The Latest Movements on the Home Front

BACK TO SCHOOL: A scene at Charing Cross last week, typical of many London termini. Boys and girls of ages ranging from eight to eighteen went back after the long summer holidays laden with hockey-sticks, football-boots, lacrosse "crosses," running shoes—even tennis racquets and the inevitable square wooden box of "tuck"

AT A GAELIC "MOD": Masters Hugh and Willie Stewart as a Highland shepherd and his wife in the National Gaelic Mod (or musical gathering) of the Highland Society held at Dingwall, Ross and Cromarty

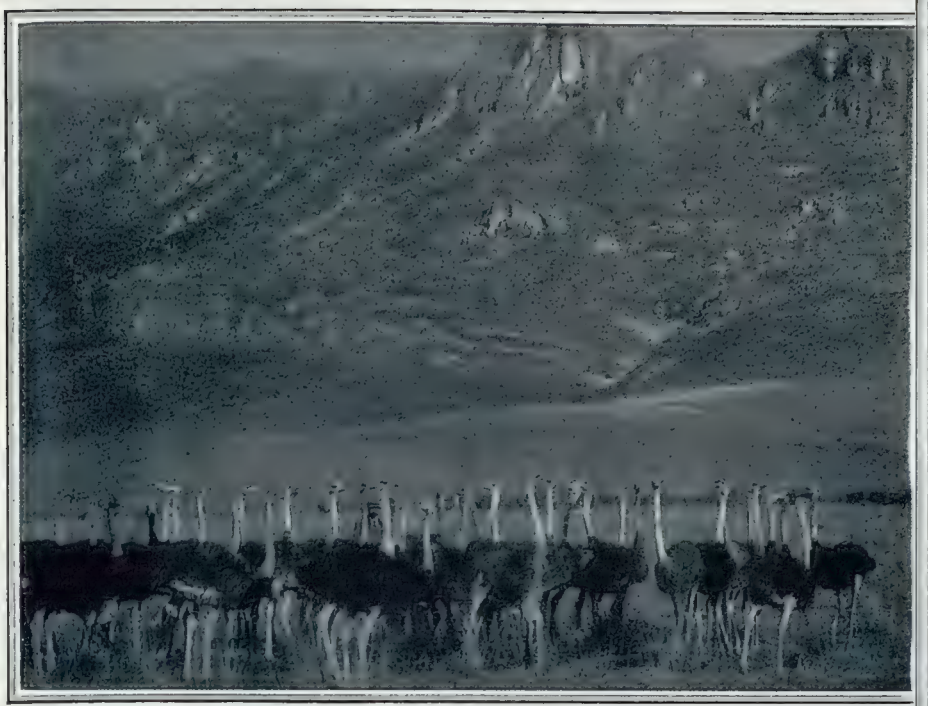
NOT A "LONELY FURROW": Mr. W. A. Quick, who won a ploughing championship in 1930, competing in the Laughton and District Agricultural Society's ploughing match, held at Lodge Farm, Ringmer, near Lewes, Sussex, a few days ago. The spectators in the foreground are his three children who cheered him on during the completion of his arduous task

"SHE-WHO-MUST-BE-OBEYED!" Lady Catherine Heathcote-Drummond-Willoughby, elder daughter of the Earl of Ancaster, holds the book at the Gleneagles Tennis Tournament — one of the most popular and autumnal events in the jeu de paume

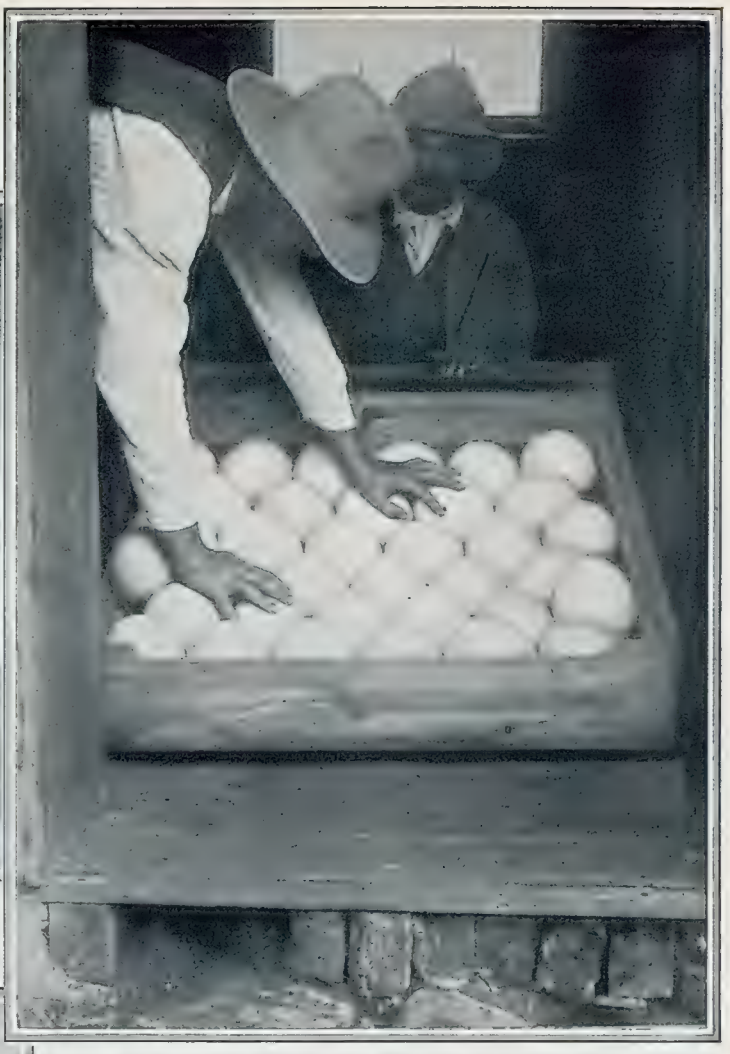
EMBLEM OF A NEW BRITISH INDUSTRY: A giant tunny fish, weighing 600 lb. caught in the North Sea and exhibited at Golder's Green. The tunny is one of the great delicacies of the U.S.A., especially in California where many canning factories are exclusively devoted to its preservation. Several companies plan to develop tunny fishing—a fine sport—in British waters

OSTRICH RENAISSANCE

Farms Booming all Over the World Owing to the Mode



"PLUMIGERI!" *A group of ostriches on a farm on the Karroo, Cape of Good Hope Province. After many years of oblivion the plumes of this non-flying, but rapidly moving if ungainly bird, have returned to fashion, at least for a season*

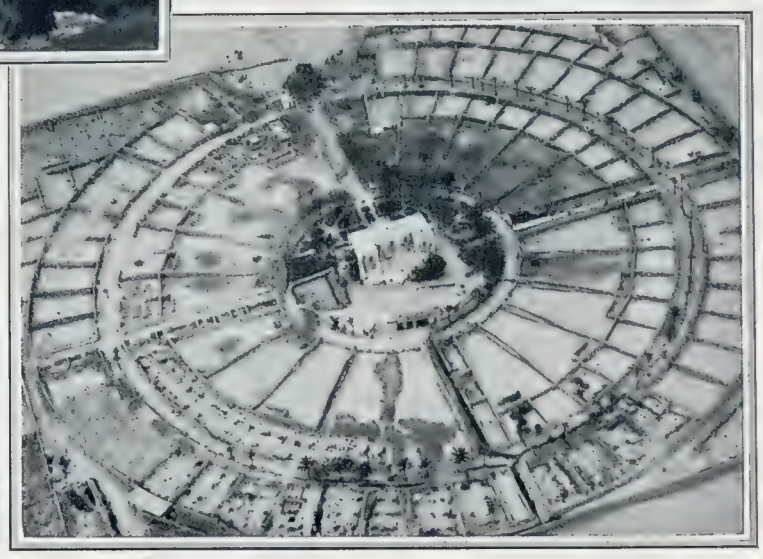


AN OUTSIZE CLUTCH: A box of eggs ready for hatching—a scene on an ostrich farm at Robertson, Cape of Good Hope Province. Natural hatching in the hot sand is replaced now-a-days by artificial incubation

GOVERNMENTAL PLUMES: A scene on the French Government Ostrich Farm at Meknes, Morocco. Inset on right is the instant of emergence. An ostrich egg weighs 3 lb. and takes 40 mins. to boil hard, The shell will hold eighteen hen's eggs

EMERGENCE: An amusing picture from South Africa, showing a couple of baby ostriches pioneering their way from a clutch. These have been hatched naturally and not incubated

AN ORNITHOLOGICAL TROTTING-CAR: A scene on the great ostrich farm at Los Angeles. It is not only in South Africa ostriches are bred but in Australia, North Africa, California, and the Argentine



NECESSARY SEGREGATION, provided during the nesting season, and the extensive pens they require for the division of the flocks as they mature are shown in this aerial view of an ostrich farm at Cairo

Those supercilious and wingless birds which yet cover ground at a fantastic rate; those snake-necked and iron-stomached freaks which have but two toes are, after long oblivion in the world of fashion to whose grace they contributed for so long, enjoying a renaissance of popularity and, in consequence, of commercial profit owing to the new "bowler." It is generally believed that South Africa is the only area to breed ostriches, but the pictures on this page demonstrate its falsity; another fallacious but widely held idea is that the plucking of the feathers is cruel; they are cut, however, two inches from the nerveless feather sockets.

LADY DRUMMOND-HAY writes on WORLD AFFAIRS

A Caustic Causerie on Matters of International Interest

WAR AND THE LEAGUE. — Start your war first, get it going, and only then tell the League of Nations in Geneva about it. That would seem to be the way of settling things in the Far East.

While the League of Nations was in the midst of its annual "talkie" performance in Geneva the other day, there came the sensational flash of news that Japan and China had gone to war in Manchuria. Japanese military forces, so the reports read, had attacked and taken Mukden, and a number of other points along the railway, north and south of Mukden. At this writing the reports are too vague, too one-sided or coloured, according to whether they come from Peiping or Tokio, to afford material for a just estimate of the position.

One fact seemed to stand out at first—that Japan "attacked." Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang, Warlord of Manchuria, who was still the "Young General" when I met him in Peiping in 1927 before he had succeeded his father, Chang Tso-lin, was reported to have given orders to his troops not to resist the Japanese. Later despatches proclaim President Chiang Kai-shek's expressed determination to resist the Japanese occupation of Manchuria. "If need be," he said, "I shall lead an army myself to fight for the preservation of our race, and to uphold the dignity of our people." A Reuter's message of the same date, announced that leading politicians in Nanking are proclaiming that China is willing to sacrifice 20,000,000 men rather than lose Manchuria. China is now reported to be united against Japan.

The news came as a shock to that school of pacifists who believe implicitly that the League of Nations and the Kellogg Pact are all we need against future wars. Japan and China are both members of the League. Japan as well as China also solemnly signed the Kellogg Pact renouncing War "as an instrument of national policy." The League, though the Assembly was in session at the time, was not informed before the shooting began. It was given no opportunity to intervene, if intervene it could. There was no time allowed for settlement by arbitration. It matters little if loss of life totalled hundreds or thousands. The principle involved and violated is the same. When the League Council was informed we were told by the Press that it "took cognizance." A suggestion made in the League of Nations Council at Geneva that a League Commission should be appointed to investigate the Sino-Japanese dispute has been rejected by the Japanese Cabinet, according to the latest information.

Instead of calling it a "war," no doubt it will be characterized as an "incident," and be "localized." It is yet another blow to the prestige of the League. And, if we have another big war, that is the way it will start—without notice.

CASH AND THE SERVICES.—In these columns, during the Naval Conference last year, I warned against the growing lack of former interest in our Navy, the tendency to public neglect, and an apparent disposition in some quarters to regard it as no longer so important to the security of England and the Empire, to overlook the place which for generations it has held in the heart of the British nation.

It was a severe shock to many Britons of the "Oh! we shall muddle through somehow again" mind, when the other day the Atlantic fleet drew public attention to its existence in the matter and manner of protest against hardships inflicted by the reduction of pay under the new economy plan. The sensation created was not confined to England alone.

I travel the world over, and as a journalist am trained to observation. I look at England from within, and I look at it from without. Nowhere in recent years have I found so strong that tendency among certain classes to refuse to see things as they are, and as they are developing, as in England. Instead of digging new channels into which to lead and to control the rising waters for the good and progress of the Empire, we are still inclined to build dams to hold back that rising tide. Those dams — old ideas, old methods—are being battered down. It is noble to die for a principle, for an ideal, back against wall, but it is nobler, far more patriotic to live for it, to make of it a force useful to the nation. A fundamental ideal or principle remains ever the same, but the form in which it clothes itself changes with the age and times.

The tradition and history of the British Navy is the history of the British Empire for the last century and a half. The Navy made possible the rise of the Empire to the greatest of world powers. The Navy has been our idol, the centre of our historical romance of empire. In this era of the great "fear of to-morrow," of uncertainty and disquiet, of the much-talked-of, but not yet attained, millennium of eternal peace, good-will on earth, and reductions of armaments, the Navy is still deserving of our thoughts, consideration, and remembrance of its great services no more than fifteen years ago.

True, the Navy must share in the unavoidable sacrifices for the nation, but proportionately. Rank and file have never been burdened with over-pay. Ten per cent. deducted from the lowest grades is a hardship, more so than twenty per cent. from the highest.

In the House of Commons we heard rumblings, too, from the Army and the Police against the drastic reductions of pay from lower grades. One wonders why this Government, which came in with such *éclat*, and with such a warm welcome from the country in this emergency, did not think of these possible eventualities, instead of adding this new and disquieting aspect to our crisis.

The Navy, the Army, and the Police are three of the main pillars of Britain and the Empire. Upon them depends our external security, and our internal peace and order. In these days of subversive forces at work against us, it is not wise statesmanship to create a feeling of lack of public and national appreciation in the bulwarks of our Empire and the protectors of our homes through undue hardships, if by any manner or means that can be avoided.

Another body whose protest against the hardships forced upon them by too severe a reduction of pay, deserving of every consideration, is that of the school-teachers. To their keeping the nation entrusts the souls and minds of British youth, and that youth is the future of the British Empire.

THE CAPITAL OF THE U.S.A.: An aerial view of Washington, D.C. In the foreground is the new Department of Commerce Building, an impressive white edifice of quasi-classical design. The picture was taken from the Washington Monument —that slender obelisk whose tip has been for fifteen years floodlit by night—a pale luminous spire hung in the sky

SUCCES DE SCANDALE.—Statesmen, diplomats, and society in the American capital, never before have had the flood-light of publicity, real or artificial, thrown upon them as in a new and very piquante book, *Washington Merry-go-round*, which is creating a sensation in America. It is anonymous, and supposedly written by three prominent journalists—members of the famous Washington Corps. Everybody of note in Washington is mentioned, and not always as they might wish.

"Starched Futility," the title of the chapter dealing with the Diplomatic Corps, is divided into "Those Who Dine Out and Those Who Dine at Home." Of the British Ambassador it says: "Sir Ronald Lindsay outranks in power and prestige every other Ambassador in Washington." The German Embassy staff is "the hardest working, and least social in the capital." His Excellency Giacomo de Martino, Italian Ambassador, "has come to have the same relation to State Department officials as a mosquito to a malarial patient"—all because of his frequent calls at the State Department to protest against American newspaper criticism of Mussolini.

The chapter on President Hoover is scathing. Of him, among many less complimentary things, is written: "A man who, despite the handicap of a fundamental timorousness, was able by a consummate sense of publicity, to create the illusion of heroism and greatness, and to attain for a time world acclaim." Mr. Hoover is depicted as an autocrat, a man with a touchy temper, and hypersensitive to criticism.

Vice-President Charles Curtis, who is partly Red Indian, is "Egg Charley." Secretary of State Colonel Henry L. Stimson is "Wrong Horse Harry," because he hazarded the wrong guess on the outcome of the recent revolution in Brazil.

"Pink Peppermints and Protocol" is the State Department, while the House of Representatives is very undignifiedly referred to as the "Monkey House." General Charles Gates Dawes, American Ambassador in London, is given an entire chapter to himself. It is interesting, even if perhaps not all true.

M. Paul Claudel, the French Ambassador in Washington, is "Sonnets and Beans." President Hoover's staff of secretaries, the "Vestal Virgins."

The last chapter deals with "The Press" in Washington. And there the author, or authors, pay off scores in their own profession.

A PACHYDERMATOUS DROUTH.—There are fewer elephants in the whole of South Africa than are travelling in Great Britain in circuses, or eating buns from children's hands in Zoos. Fifty years ago, South Africa numbered elephants in their thousands. To-day there are but fifty. Only a few years ago, a professional hunter was engaged to kill about a hundred elephants, which were constantly damaging farm property in the Eastern provinces. Now less than a dozen roam the Knysna Forests, and forty more in the Addo Bush are proving such a heavy tax on the farmers' purses and patience by stamping their tank-like bodies across valuable properties on their way to the waterhole, that the Union Government considers buying the elephants a right of way. So far, the farmers have shewn remarkable restraint, knowing perhaps even better than the Government before the animal-census enumerators had filed their returns, that the elephant was disappearing rapidly. But if the next few years are to see any elephants at all in South Africa, the Union Government must hasten its plan for a reserve. Even the few elephants in the Kruger National Park have turned out to be transients, strayed from herds surviving in Portuguese territory.

THE SCOTTISH WAR MEMORIAL IN JERUSALEM: This takes the form of a church and a hostel attached, and it has just been opened with impressive ceremonial

RELICS of TWO NATURAL DISASTERS

A Ship Blown Far Inland at Belize, British Honduras, during the Terrible Cyclone that has Ravaged the Area, and a Long-lost Picture of the Famous Pink and White Terraces of Rotorua, New Zealand

AFTERMATH OF A CYCLONE: A vessel which, anchored in the harbour of Belize, the capital of British Honduras, was blown far inland by the force of the hurricane which ravaged Britain's only colony in Central America. Over 700 people, among whom were scores of children who were parading the streets in celebration of the 133rd anniversary of the Battle of St. George's Bay, perished in the disaster. Few buildings in Belize have survived. British Honduras has a population of 51,000, of whom 13,000 live in the capital. A tidal wave contributed to the disaster, largely because the city is built on ground reclaimed from a mangrove swamp set only 1 ft. above sea-level. Porto Rico also suffered, though in a minor degree, from the same storm

A NEW ZEALAND GLORY LOST: The famous Pink and White Terraces of Rotorua, one of the most enchanting of New Zealand's beauty-spots. It is now believed that the Pink Terraces were not destroyed in 1886 by the eruption of Mount Tarawera but were merely, equally as a result of that eruption, submerged by Lake Rotomahana. There is a movement on foot to drain the lake and uncover the famous terraces, but nothing definite has as yet been accomplished. This picture is one of a series which were taken and lost in 1880 and have only just come to light

JAPAN:

A Pictorial Survey of th into Manchuria has Show and Russia Furiously to Th

JAPAN'S EVER-GROWING POPULATION: A group of youthful students in one of the alfresco class-rooms at the newly opened Open Air School in the precincts of the Zojoji Temple in Shikabu, Tokio. Those who believe in materialistic history ascribe the Manchurian skirmishes to Japan's over-population and her efforts to feed them

THE INTENSIVE FINANCIAL LIFE OF JAPAN: The employees of the Government Life Insurance Bureau held a *Soroban* contest in Tokio. *Soroban* is the unique counting apparatus of the country. Both men and women competed. The efficiency of Japan even in civil life augurs ill for her antagonists in any struggle for Far East expansion

JAPANESE SAFEGUARDING: A line of buses made in Japan by Japanese labour and Japanese capital from Japanese materials—except for the tyres. The example of this furiously patriotic and super-efficient country could be followed with advantage in Europe from whom Japan has already taken as many inventions, systems, methods, and cultures as are suited to her national requirements and harmonious to her national temperament

MANCHURIA'S IMPERIAL CEMETERY: The imposing and historic ... interred. The eyes of the world are focussed on Manchuria, whi... struggle with Russia. Japan needs the territory for her surplus pu... inves...

BACK IN MUKDEN AFTER TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS: A picture ... investiture of Manchuria during the war with Russia—the event that ... comity ...

Manchuria bids fair to be the cockpit of the East, for a triangular struggle is in progress there which may have far-reaching effects on the peace of the world. The protagonists are China, which for 250 years drew its emperors therefrom and which regards Manchuria as Chinese territory; Russia, which has for many years moved towards the East, the more especially under the Soviet régime, and, having spread its doctrines in China to plunge Celestia into civil war, hopes for the wealth of Manchuria to fill its depleted coffers; and Japan, land-starved and eager for empire, with a first-class fighting machine to its hand and £225,000,000 invested in the northern province. The pretext for the recent *coup-d'état* was the murder of Captain Anakamura in Inner Mongolia—but it seems as if the countries involved will remember this "incident" no more than the embattled nations thought of Francis

st Active Nation in the Far East whose Recent Incursion the Impotence of the League of Nations, has given China and has Thrown Out a Menace to the Peace of the World

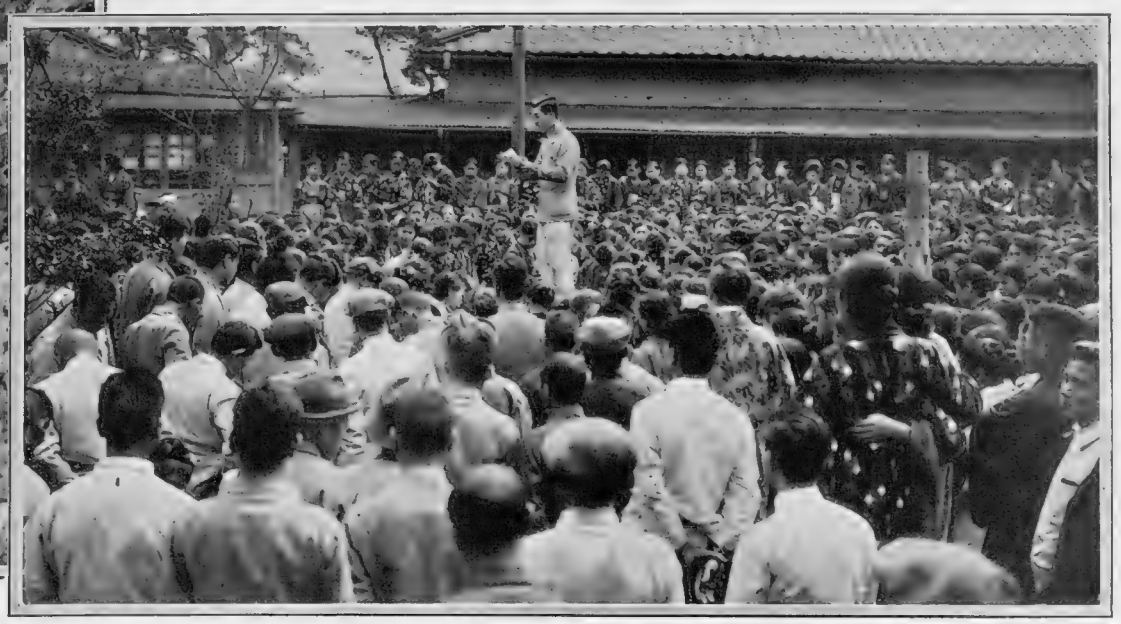
e at Mukden along which the tombs of the Northern potentates are
ne two dominant races of the Far East are engaged in a triangular
ion—or has desire for Empire; she has furthermore some £225,000,000
Manchuria

d from *The Sphere* (period 1904–5) showing the Japanese
ignalized the advent of Nippon as a first-class power in the
ations

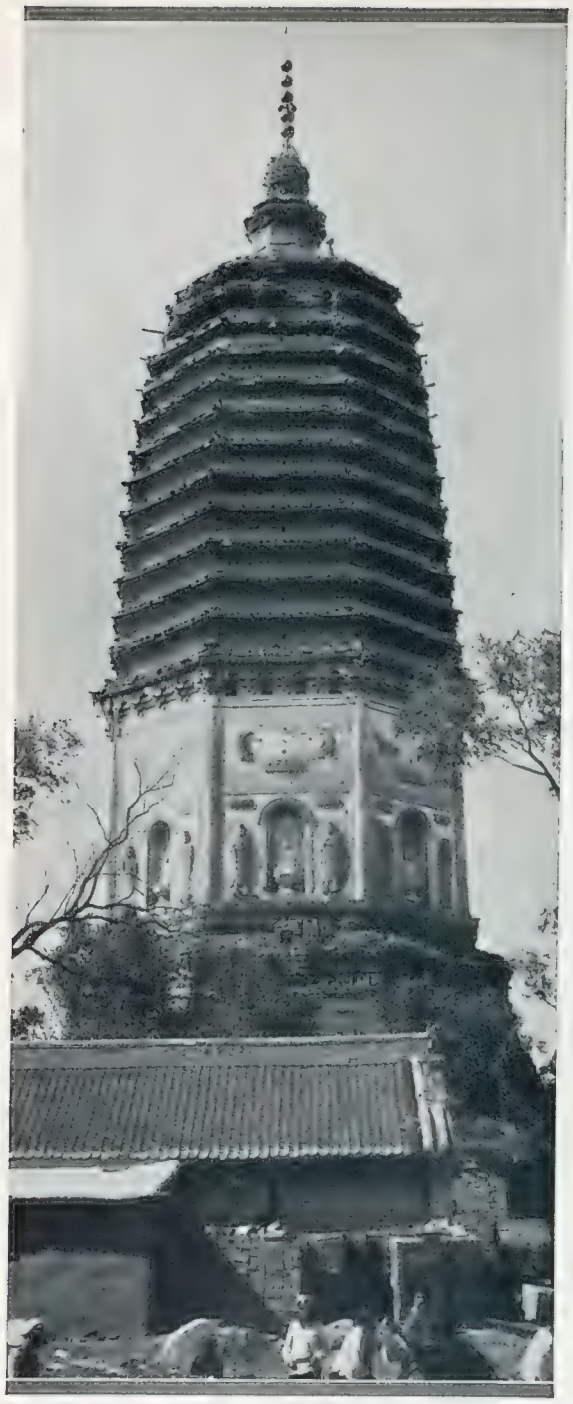
Ferdinand. A statement has been made that there are 50,000 Japanese troops in Manchuria and high tension still exists and is bound to continue while China maintains her present attitude of "No negotiations until troops are withdrawn." The 350,000 square miles of the richest land in the world—some of it virgin soil—that is Manchuria is honeycombed with railways to which the new China is frantically adding, to take trade away from Japan. Another factor in the situation is provided by the thousands of Chinese refugees from the civil war of the North who have sought asylum in Manchuria. The attitude of Moscow towards the belligerents is still a matter of conjecture.

MILITARY GENIUS OF JAPAN: Major Nagayama, of the Tokio Arsenal, who has succeeded in perfecting a wireless device for operating tanks from a base. Japan is singularly well equipped for a struggle; she has a splendidly equipped and manned navy; a well-trained and efficiently armed land force whose quality in the field was the marvel of the world in 1904; and a superlative *morale*

PHYSICAL TRAINING IN JAPAN: A class in gymnastic dancing at the Athletic Research Institute at Yoyohata, a suburb of Tokio. These classes were inaugurated by the Athletic Department of the Ministry of Education. The ideal of an A1 and not a C3 nation is fostered more by Japan than by any other country in the world with the possible exception of modern Germany



LABOUR REACTIONS IN JAPAN: An agitator harangues the employees of the Kanegafuchi Spinning Company, the largest industrial institution in Japan, who went on strike at all the branches established in the various chief cities of the Empire. The dispute was caused by a drastic reduction of wages. The world slump has hit Japan as well as other nations and it has therefore become the more imperative for her to expand. The logical place for her expansion is Manchuria, as already hundreds of millions of Japanese money are invested therein; it is also near-at-hand and China is by no means capable of putting up an effective resistance



THE SY-TA-SY: A pagoda in old Mukden

OLD MUKDEN: Two views of the city over which three Powers are disputing with results as yet to be determined

JAPAN as COLONIZER

A Ruthless Severity, an Incomparable Efficiency, and an Ineffable *Naïveté* in Official Reports Characterize Japanese Colonial Administration

By MARC T. GREENE

TOKIO.

Among the minor issues at the Versailles Conference was the question of the disposition of the former German equatorial islands in the Pacific—principally the Marshall and Caroline groups. And as between Japan and Australia it was an issue rather sharply defined for a time. Finally, and largely because Japan had to be rewarded in some manner for her part in the War, she was given the islands, though against a strong Australian protest. That is to say, they were placed under a Japanese "mandate," dated April 1, 1921. During the previous two years Japan had maintained, at Palao Island, in the Western Carolines, a "South Seas Defence Headquarters."

The Australian objection arose, not illogically, from the fact that Australian cruisers had occupied these islands, as they had occupied German New Guinea, very soon after the outbreak of the War, long before Japan had ever thought of such a thing as going into the War at all. But Japan presently demanded a territorial reward; or (as is more likely) these islands were part of her price for joining the Allies.

That she was a useful co-operator everyone knows; for such co-operation a few German ships were scarce remuneration enough. She had captured Shantung from the Germans—with the material aid of the British—early in the conflict, but she was persuaded to return it to the Chinese who found in it their sole reward for the loss of thousands of coolies in "construction work" on the Western and other fronts. So the former German islands, including the groups mentioned, the Marianas and various scattered isles, went to Japan, and Australia had to be contented with some of New Guinea.

What happened then is related in numerous versions, none of which is unqualifiedly authentic by reason of the fact that for a long time the Japanese permitted no visitors to come to their mandated islands. Most of the Germans, of whom there were 200 or so—officials, traders, and missionaries—had left after the Australian occupation; and those who had not soon departed upon the advent of the Japanese.

In regard to the strong hold that the Christian religion had upon the natives of the islands, Japan made a curious concession. A number of Catholic missionaries were invited to come out to the Pacific from Spain, the reason for this strange move being that Catholicism was the "religious belief of the old days." That may have been the fact, but those days were very "old" indeed, several centuries old.

The Christianity of the islands when Japan took up the mandate was of the sort disseminated in the Pacific largely by the representatives of the London Missionary Society—which is very far from Catholicism. The result was that Catholic missionaries arrived and proceeded, under Japanese espionage and protection, to show the natives of the Marshalls and the Carolines the error of their ways, spiritually speaking.

The process was, moreover, strongly aided and abetted by the Japanese, the point being that these Spanish missionaries would teach the natives religion and in no way combine it with such other instructions as might interfere with Japanese "development."

The course that that development took once the Japanese had secured the mandate and replaced, as of April 1, 1921, the "Defence Headquarters" with the "Japanese South Seas Government" is known in detail only to the Japanese and the natives, for no European was there to mark it. On a few occasions, indeed, white traders touched at the islands, as in the old days, but they did not remain long. Some of the stories they told as to what was going on savour strongly of gruesomeness, but they are not sufficiently authentic to permit of repetition.

However, the thoroughness of Japanese methods is well known, and in view of the fact that the natives of these islands, having no idea what it was all about and disliking intensely the change of ownership of their abode, undoubtedly proved somewhat recalcitrant at first, it is a logical conclusion that the Japanese handled the situation vigorously, not to say ruthlessly. In other words, they "stood no foolishness" from those to whom they still refer at home as the "Kanaka Tribes of the South Seas."

The natives of the Caroline Islands are a mixture of Melanesian and Polynesian, while those of the Marshalls strongly incline towards the latter. They are not far removed from cannibalism, but neither, for that matter, are the Paumotans or the Marquesans in the Eastern Pacific. Under the Germans they were an agreeable and a well-inclined folk, and were well treated. The Germans were there to trade, and these island are rich in copra, shell, bêche-de-mer, and other products of the Pacific islands. The Japanese, on the other hand, wanted the Carolines and the Marshalls and the Marianas for colonization purposes chiefly, and emigration to them from Japan has amounted in ten years to something like 20,000.

It is easy to fancy the feelings of the mild-mannered islanders as they marked the appearance of shipload after shipload of Japanese, and it is not difficult to understand the restlessness of some of the chiefs. But wherever this manifested itself there is not the slightest doubt that it was punished in exemplary fashion, that others inclined to be truculent might note and take warning. "The Kanaka tribe seems to be declining," one reads in certain Japanese publications. Probably that is so, for the spirit of these folk is beyond any manner of question hopelessly broken.

The Japanese have gone about the colonization process in their customary efficient manner. They are said to be spending annually 4½ million yen,* having established many schools, hospitals, experimental stations, courts, mineral prospecting offices, observatories, and so on, all being in charge of more than 600 Japanese officials. Some of the schools, of course, are for the natives, and for these the first requirement is the study of the Japanese language.

"The Kanakas," report the Japanese on their mandate, "are gradually giving up their barbarous ways. The number wearing clothes (Japanese clothes?) is rapidly increasing. They are discarding thatch houses and building wooden ones. Life has radically changed for the better during Japanese administration."

In view of the fact that these islands are very near the Equator, that wooden houses in the South Seas invariably have corrugated iron roofs, and thus closely resemble ovens during the heat of the day, and that the "barbarous ways" of the Pacific peoples are the ways they have found best suited to their health and comfort during unreckoned centuries, this report reads curiously like that of the New England missionaries of a century ago to the Hawaiian Islands after they had induced the "Kanakas" to wear unsuitable raiment and to live in even more unsuitable houses. On the other hand, there is no doubt that the Japanese have vastly improved sanitary conditions in these Pacific Islands, and largely checked the spread of endemic diseases. That, of course, has not been altogether a labour of altruism, since the first move in colonization must of necessity be the establishment of proper hygiene and sanitation. But to compel the natives to wear the clothes of colder climates, and to live in iron-roofed houses, is to do much to offset the effect of a strict medical surveillance.

As to the spiritual tendencies of the islands there is a striking naïveté in this Japanese comment: "The great majority do not seem to understand the real object of Christianity and do not pray in real earnest. They seem to have been attracted to the teaching more for the pleasure of coming together in a church than anything else. Christianity among them seems to have fallen into a mere formalism and is correspondingly wanting in its spiritual significance." From Japanese non-Christian sources this is certainly edifying.

Japan is making more profit out of these islands than she will admit. A sugar plantation has been developed on one of them, and from a production of half a million pounds in 1922 it increased its output to more than 30,000,000 last year. The production of copra last year amounted to something like 100,000 tons, having a value of 1,500,000 yen. Fruit, ironwood, and oyster-shell are among the other important products, while a rich phosphorus mine exists on one of the smaller islands. This is producing more than 60,000 tons a year with a consequent revenue of 1,000,000 yen.

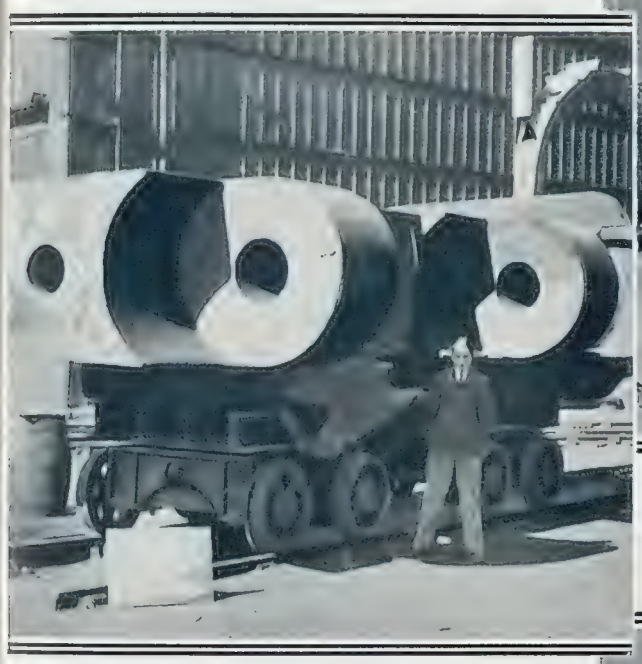
Moreover, there are believed to be other rich mineral resources yet undeveloped in most of the Caroline and Marshall Islands. The value of the pearl-shell, used chiefly in the manufacture of buttons, is more than 60,000 yen annually. Yet in view of all this the League of Nations learns from the Japanese Goverment that "there is not much development to speak of in regard to industries during the ten years of Japan's mandate."

* The yen is about 2s. 8d.

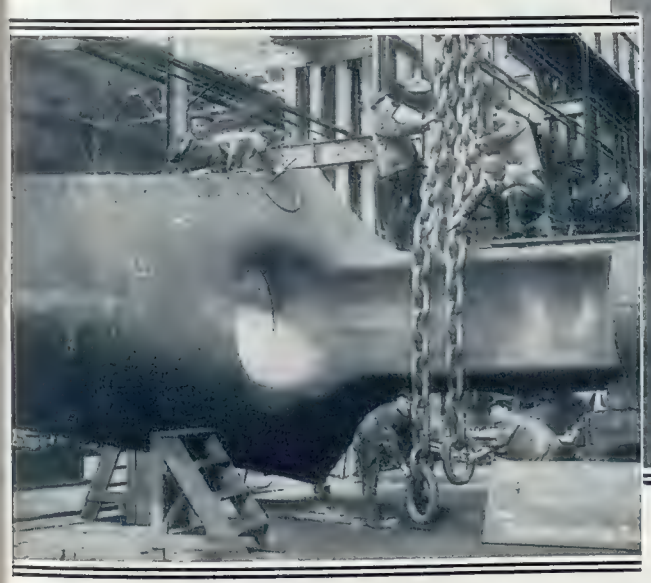
MECHANICS

The Latest Modern Marvels

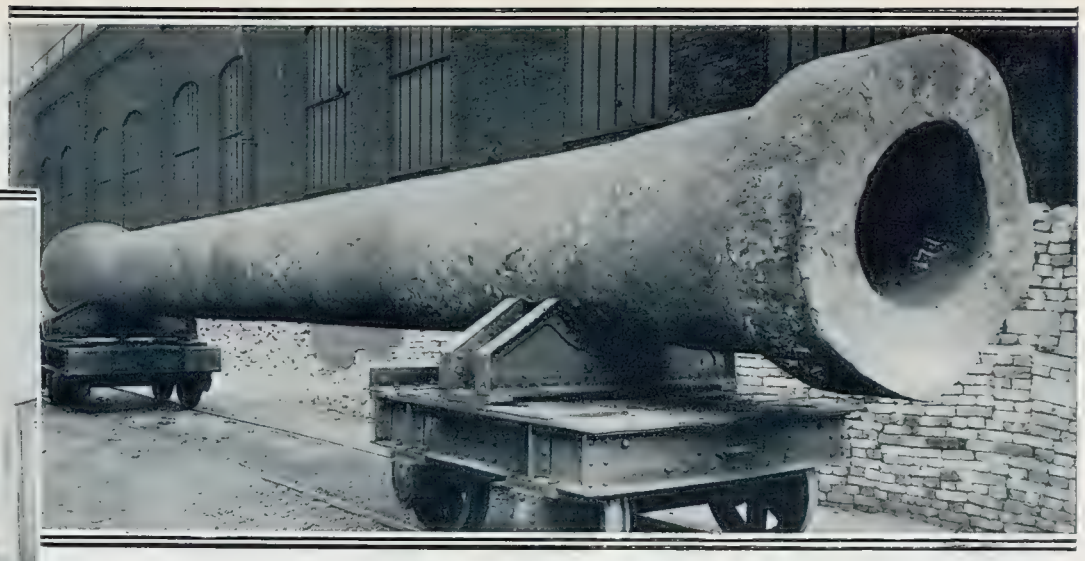
TRIDING 1,000 H.P.: One of the huge metal boiler drums of hollow forged steel for the high-pressure boilers of the as yet unnamed Cunarder building, by John Brown and Co., Ltd.



THE RUDDER POST: This gigantic cast-steel structure weighs 84 tons, and will be fitted to the new Cunarder. The castings for this ship exceed anything previously turned out by the Darlington forge



GIGANTIC MECHANICS: A portion of the cast steel stern frame for the new Cunarder. The frame, the largest ever built, weighs 190 tons; the hoisting chain weighs 9 tons. The weight of the castings will aggregate about 300 tons



IN THE ROUGH: A hollow steel forging which will eventually take the finished form of a pressure-resisting vessel for use in chemical works

Sheffield to-day is not only one of the most up-to-date and progressive of the world's industrial centres, but in her own particular line, the making of high-class steels and steel products, she is further ahead of her foreign competitors than ever before. Sheffield is incidentally, contrary to general opinion, one of the healthiest of

WEIGHING 112 TONS: A colossal Sheffield-made mould for producing larger ingots of steel than have ever been made before. Weighing 112 tons itself, it produces ingots of more than 100 tons

Britain's cities. The actual density of her smoke cloud to-day is a mere fraction of what it was in pre-war days when Sheffield's output was only about two-thirds of what it is to-day. One of the most valuable of Sheffield's new industries is that of stainless, or rust-resisting steels. There are several qualities of these,

THE NEWEST OF THEIR KIND: Hollow forged steel closed-in drums for the latest types of high-pressure boilers and oil cracking plant

both hard and soft, so that the field has spread very far beyond the range of table cutlery, for which it was first used. Stainless steel has entered a hundred different industries from civil and mechanical engineering, aeroplanes, car and speed-boat making, down to the building, scientific instrument, and furniture trades. Another most interesting fact is that all the British machines which have recently created world records for speed and endurance on land, sea and air, have contained Sheffield steel for their most vital parts. Another striking feature about Sheffield to-day is that she has been for the last few years steadily and with out ostentation absorbing the pick of the world's trade in safety razor blades. American users of high-class steels come to Sheffield and pay much more for Sheffield steels than they would for their own products.

LONDON

Metropolitan Matters

THE FARADAY CENTENARY has attracted considerable attention to the Royal Institution this year, the lecture laboratory of which is seen here. In this room all the apparatus for lecturers—much of it historic—is stored. *On left* is the entrance hall of the Royal Institution which has been reconstructed for the Faraday Centenary Institution

RECONSTRUCTED: The Hall of the Royal Institution which has been redecorated. The picture on the wall shows Sir James Dewar giving his historic lecture on liquid hydrogen

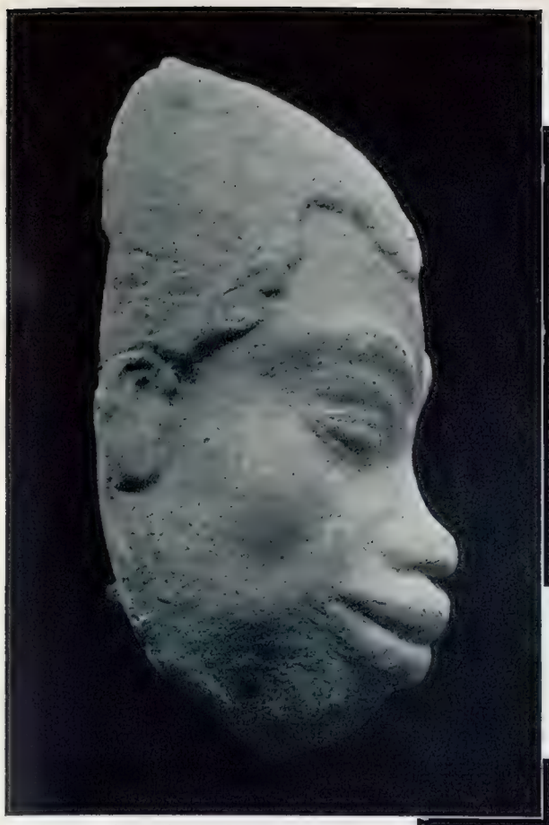
"RUS IN URBE": This picture does not show the rustic glades of Ken Wood, the leafy lanes of Hampstead Heath, nor the verdant foliage of the Highgate Ponds; it is an autumnal view of that very urban space, Russell Square—in the heart of Bloomsbury and a stone's throw from Oxford Street

RUSTICITY IN BAKER STREET: That *recherché* block of flats, Berkeley Court, has, as one of its greatest attractions, an exquisitely-designed roof-garden, the pergola of which is seen above

ART, ARTIST AND MODEL: Mr. W. Reid Dick at work on the second of his two designs for the new Lever House. This is entitled "Courage" and takes the form of a female figure (Boadicea?) in an ancient chariot. The spirit of the sculpture is eloquent of its theme

The GLORY *that was* GREECE

The Latest Finds at Agrigentum and Elsewhere



NEGROID TREATED HELLENICALLY: A mask unearthed at Agrigentum where excavations are going forward, with astonishingly successful results, under the direction of Professor Pirro Marconi

HEADS OF HELLAS: A trio of Greek heads found at Agrigentum. The classic mould of Greece is in strong contrast to the negroid mask seen on the left. The date ascribed to the finds at Agrigentum is late 4th century B.C.

FROM THE GOLDEN AGE OF ATHENS: A bas-relief, strikingly similar to the well-known bas-relief on the tomb of Dexileos, son of Lysanias, who was killed in Corinth in a battle against the Lacedæmonians (395 B.C.). This is one of the bas-reliefs found lately during the excavations undertaken by the archæologists appointed by the Athens Academy, subsidized by the Greek Mæcenas, Mr. Aristobhron. It is hoped to discover the site of the ancient Academy of Plato. Mr. Aristophron, who is a distinguished amateur of the Arts, literature and philosophy, follows the excavations personally.

OF THE SIXTH CENTURY B.C.: A rare and beautiful head unearthed at Agrigentum where extensive Greek relics have been discovered by excavations directed by Professor Pirro Marconi

A MAGNIFICENT HERMES recently excavated by the American Archæological School, under the direction of Professor Skeat. The Hermes supports a Dionysos in the manner of the Kebhisodotus in Munich

ATHENS FROM THE AIR: The ancient city was recently photographed by the photo-topographical section of the Ministry of Communications. This section shows the Acropolis, the Erechtheion, the Propylæa, the Temple of Nikè, the Theatre of Dionysos, the Odeon of Herodes, and a section of the modern city

A QUINTETTE OF YOUNG AUTHORS: From left to right—Mr. Hubert S. Banner who wrote *The Clean Wind* (Hurst and Blackett); Mr. Anthony Powell whose latest is *Afternoon Men* (Duckworth); Mr. A. J. Cronin whose *Hatter's Castle* has recently been published by Gollancz; Mr. Gilbert Collins whose *The Phantom Tower* was sponsored by Bles; and Mr. Collins Brooks known in America as Barnaby Brook, whose newest book is *Three Yards of Cord* (Hutchinson)

TYROLEAN INSPIRATION

And Other Bookish Matters Reviewed by CECIL ROBERTS

A visit some years ago put the Tyrol virus in my blood. I wrote a novel about the village at which I stopped. If you have seen *Autumn Crocus* you need not read *Pamela's Spring Song* for they are curiously alike. But I was the first novelist on the now crowded scene. The British Consul living at Kitzbühel had a wife who, in the literary world, wrote under the name of Phyllis Bottome. I hope she has forgiven me for making "copy" of her village, which she must know far better than I do, but I found the place quite irresistible. In her new novel, *Wind in his Fists* (Collins. 7s. 6d. net), the strangest of strange titles, Miss Bottome has used her home material and, unless I am greatly mistaken, the village where her Austrian Don Juan operated is Kitzbühel.

But it is a Kitzbühel I never saw. Mine was a gaily painted village with a long high street like a box of carved toys, with little cafés under whose summery awnings sat Herr Schmidt and his Frau, with long locked youths in leather shorts, and flaxen-haired damsels, bare-armed and white-bodiced, with a village band wondrously attired in velveteen jackets, a village crammed with tourists, and great motor-buses coming and going. Amid all the Teutons there was a sprinkling of the English, easily identified at the Schwartzsee, the bathing lake, by their white skins amid the copper-hued natives.

The Kitzbühel of which Miss Bottome writes is the village renowned among skiers, and thus it is that the heroine is famous locally for her long jumps. At the end of this lively book she jumps right out of the tale, an end too violent for so enchanting a little lady. The villain has not a single good point. He is a young scoundrel married to an exotic woman who leaves him the moment he comes to the end of his means. He is compelled to go to work as a farm labourer in the village, a fate that seems a little forced for a member of the Austrian aristocracy, and becomes one of the Prems household, a family of sturdy peasant farmers, whose home life is most admirably depicted. Kathi and Marieandel, the hard-working daughters, soon fall under his spell, though Marieandel realizes that her younger sister is the attraction. She is speedily seduced by Max von Ulm, a mere incident of his progress to the conquest of the Countess Nathalie, with whom he is soon ski-ing on the mountain heights. Max von Ulm is the study of a thorough scamp. Scamps are notoriously attractive fellows and Miss Bottome portrays von Ulm with such skill that the reader's interest never gains a tinge of righteous disgust, such as the fellow warrants. The only punishment he suffers is that at the end of this pastoral history he is claimed by his preposterous wife, a fitting scourge for any scamp. Such are the bare bones of the story. But the bones, strong as they are, have little significance in a body of delightful prose. This is a presentation of Tyrolean peasant life and labour by an English author better equipped for the task than any of her contemporaries. Something of the religious frugality of the people, of their simplicity, courage, and natural poetry breathes from every page of this story.

Miss Margaret Kennedy has also fallen under the spell of Tyrol. It was there that she first introduced us to the unforgetable Sanger Circus. She went back again to the Tyrol in *The Fool of the Family*. There is something in the mountain air that awakens her faculties to their highest and sharpest achievement. *Return I Dare Not* (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.), is a disappointing performance. I do not know whether it is intended for a *roman-à-clef*, but I found myself troubled from the beginning by the persistent idea that Aggie, the famous society woman who pulled the communication cord in a train on the way to Syranwood, the great country house, was Lady Oxford and Asquith; that Corny, who fetches and carries with his urbane air, was "Eddie"; and that Hugo Pott, the phenomenal success, was Noel. I may be all wrong, but Miss Kennedy should not start such speculations. As for the story, it proves much ado about nothing. A famous doctor discourses learnedly on merozoits, while disguising his love for a married lady who cannot make up her mind to get rid of a considerate husband. There is some clever conversation, a masterly portrait of a tired woman in a large house. She gets up and makes tea in the middle of the night, sees the grey dawn break, and wonders mistily about her dead youth. That sketch has a quality which is Miss Kennedy in her most powerful mood. But the novel is too formless, the characters are only specimens brought together at a week-end party for the novelist's dissection. *Return I Dare Not* is worth reading but it is not worth remembering, and that is the test by which Miss Kennedy must be judged after performance so high.

The flow of autobiographies is continuous. Some of us tell our stories scarcely out of the nursery, some half-way, some towards the end of the journey. *One Man's Road* by Arthur Waugh (Chapman and Hall 18s.) is a leisured survey of the road travelled in a long and industrious life. Mr. Waugh has been a distinguished critic, and the managing director of the publishing house of Chapman and Hall. His labours with the latter firm have been narrated in the history of that house which he recently published. His new book is a purely personal record. There is nothing startling in this story, Mr. Waugh has played no dramatic rôle on life's stage, but after putting down this most pleasantly narrated story there can be few of his readers who would not wish that their journey along the road had been as pleasant. It began comfortably, it ends comfortably.

In his survey of a long journey through life he has not an unkind word to say, an unjust observation to make, a single prejudice to air. Within the limits of his office, within the daily bounds of labour from nine till five, he has served life and found it an agreeable servitude. He has seen the famous and the brilliant pass from the stage. There is the brief appearance of genius, in the astonishing figure here revived of Wolcott Balestier — "with his death was shattered a fabric of high imagination which, could he have completed it, might have become an enormous power." There is the first morning splendour of Kipling, the dark years of the war. As we reach the last page of this mellow record one thought arises, and what compliment could be better? —"How pleasant to be Mr. Waugh!"

In his book *At G.H.Q.* (Cassell. 12s. 6d.), Brigadier-General Charteris gives us the authentic story of one who was at the very centre of events throughout the war, and saw the fall of reputations and the dashing of high hopes. But I think it is a very great pity that the General has doctored his diary. It is difficult to determine how much of his original observations stand in this record, and therefore we are quite unable to learn in what degree the opinions formed during the stress of high events were accurate and borne out by subsequent developments. One thing clearly emerges, the contempt of soldiers for politicians, and the contempt of politicians for soldiers. Once more Haig emerges well, and French cuts a poor figure. It is interesting for an old war correspondent to note that one could know too much and thus become dangerous.

At G.H.Q. is a notebook for future historians of the war that should not be ignored.

Mr. Lowell Thomas has specialized in a type of Baron Munchausen story that makes good reading though it will not bear close investigation. It is to his credit as a journalist that he "put over" the Lawrence of Arabia legend. The success of this was so great that Mr. Thomas has progressed somewhat desperately since then. His recent whitewashing of the submarine raiders will be recalled, and we have now to add *Lauterbach of the China Sea* (Hutchinson. 10s. 6d. net.). This is the story, dosed with German to give it local colour, of Captain Lauterbach, an officer of the *Emden*, who narrates his incredible adventures after the sinking of that cruiser. He claims to have started the Singapore mutiny, and to have sunk three British submarines. It happens that the vessels claimed by the captain were still afloat at the end of the war, and Singapore remained quite unaware of his contribution to the mutiny. Captain Lauterbach is certainly an astonishing figure of adventure, but in Mr. Lowell Thomas's fantastic hands he becomes a figure of fiction rather than fact.

Miss Adelaide Eden Phillpotts has the handicap of her name. If she were not the daughter of a famous writer she would be better known. *The Youth of Jacob Ackner* (Benn. 7s. 6d.) abounds in the richest character drawing. There is a fertility of types, a knowledge of human idiosyncrasies and emotions sufficient to equip half-a-dozen novelists. This story of a young man's struggle towards liberty, with its changing landscape of London, Derbyshire, and Spain, is a rich achievement. It has a perfect blend of irony and compassion, and never departs from reason and stern truth in observation.

Briefly Recommended:

Great Murder Mysteries, *by Guy H. B. Logan* **(Stanley Paul. 18s. net).**—A fascinating addition to *Criminologia* illuminatingly illustrated. Mrs. Wallace, the church steeple murders of San Francisco, Bennett, Keller, Read, and numerous other famous cases are told vividly and logically.

Laughing Through Life, *by Maisie Gay* **(Hurst and Blackett. 12s. 6d. net).**—The famous comedienne's life story told by herself with on occasion that vein of humour that has the real and proper basis of tears but with too free a use of the slapstick and the obvious bowdlerization.

The Romance of Wine, *by H. Warner Allen* **(Benn. 21s. net).**—A comprehensive work which might bear as a sub-title "The Æsthetics of the Palate." The average man will, having read this volume, do far more justice to his vintages by giving them the conditions they demand.

Charlemagne, *by Charles Edward Russell* **(Thornton, Butterworth. 15s. net).**—A portrait of the great reformer whose private life was full of the pride of the eye and the lust of the flesh but whose public career rescued learning from the Dark Ages, imposed Christianity on barbarians, created decent government, and gave a huge impulse to chivalry.

A History of Smoking, *by Count Corti* **(Harrap. 12s. 6d. net).**—From Maya and Aztec culture through the Elizabethans, from Nicot to the present day, the author of *The Rise of the House of Rothschild*, gives in this book (ably translated by Paul England) a fascinating record of a habit the rise of which has been phenomenal.

MEN *of* MARK

A Sextette of Interest in Many Varied Spheres

THE REGENT IN COURT: Admiral Horthy, ruler of Hungary for the absent Habsburgs, is an enthusiastic tennis-player—a picture taken at his summer home near Budapest

ANGLO-PHILE: Don Marcelino Domingo, Spain's new Minister of Education, who has made English a compulsory study in all Spanish schools while the study of French is merely elective

ON HOLIDAY: Prince Aly Khan, the son of H.H. the Aga Khan, head of the Muslims of India, has recently enjoyed a holiday in Venice. He is an enthusiastic horseman and recently rode his own horse "Lights o' London" in the United Services' Cup at Newbury. He has entered the ranks of race-horse owners and several yearlings from his father's stud are being raced in partnership next year

A PRINCE IN PRISON: Prince Stahremberg the leader of the Austrian Fascists was cast into gaol on a charge of conspiracy against the State following an unsuccessful putsch

THE KING OF SNOBS: Antoine, the coiffeur who introduced the Eton crop, receives in a plate-glass coffin bed behind which hangs a Van Dongen

A CHEF ON LOAN: M. Gelardi, the distinguished cuisinier of Claridge's Hotel, has been sent to the New Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York, where he will practise his supreme art for two seasons. He will be in daily communication, however, with Claridge's which will have the benefit of his gastronomic supervision while he is introducing the correct atmosphere into the latest wonder of the hotel world

THE KING OF SNOBS: Antoine, the hairdresser king, who introduced the Eton crop can afford luxuries. His lift is made of aluminium and glass. In his music room he has an enormous organ which has been specially built for him by the premier organ builder in France. He takes his meals in the rays of red and green lighting effects

The PLAY'S the THING

By PHILIP PAGE

FIRM FAVOURITES: Mr. Francis Lederer—the Austrian, who has made such a success as the Innkeeper in "Autumn Crocus," at the Lyric Theatre—with his dog

STARS BOTH: "Anna," a famous dresser who has crossed seventeen times to U.S.A. and has been twice round the world, and Miss Helen Gilliland now at the Gaiety

"The Old Bachelor."

There is usually some amusement to be derived from the auditorium as well as from the stage when a play of the seventeenth or eighteenth centuries is revived. Restoration comedy can be relied upon to repay the nuisance of going to the theatre on a Sunday night if one takes the trouble to study one's companions, known or unknown, during the performance of some scabious effort by, say, George Farquhar. Elderly women of, presumably, unquestioned respectability, either do not bat an eyelid when there are heard on the stage in reference to illicit love-making, such words as would be deleted in amazement if I ventured to use them in these chaste columns; or they beam in friendly fashion as if they were being initiated into a sort of intellectual holy of holies.

Congreve's early play, *The Old Bachelor*, although a week-day attraction at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, can boast of plentiful allusions to two ancient professions. But it does not rely on its language so much as on its wit. As a play it is poor in the extreme—muddled, slow moving, and hardly intelligible at all; I would not care to have to make a *précis* of its plot. But some individual scenes are delightful, and it is nearly always witty. The characters are puppets and familiar puppets at that; they are the stock figures of the theatre of almost any period—the grafting man-about-town, the amorous old bachelor, the elderly and ineffective husband, his flighty young wife, the bully who is also a coward, and so forth. Congreve makes them stand up, like members of a nigger minstrel troupe, and say their little pieces in sheerly mechanical fashion, for the most part. Oscar Wilde, in his own way, did much the same thing a couple of centuries later.

But there are flashes of genius, none the less, and *The Old Bachelor* is a brighter entertainment than any musical-comedy now running. It has some music of its own, too, and the fact that it was specially composed by Henry Purcell, and is conducted by an Englishman, need not act as a deterrent, though conceivably it might.

Sir Nigel Playfair has obviously enjoyed the work of production, and, like most labours of love, it is effective. The acting varies from good to very good indeed, in the latter class being Mr. O. B. Clarence's wonderful study of doting dotage, Miss Edith Evans's highly artificial but very amusing wanton wife, Mr. Harvey Braban's soldier-bully (admirable actor, Mr. Braban) and Mr. Miles Malleson's Congrevish version of Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Miss Diana Wynyard is always interesting, but is better suited in modern plays; here she seemed a little out of it. Miss Olive Dyer (with songs) looked as if she were a Westminster Abbey choir-boy who had dropped into tea. Which was precisely what she should have looked like.

"The Painted Veil."

Mr. Somerset Maugham is mightily fond of strong stuff from the East as dramatic material. He has no difficulty in establishing the right atmosphere in about thirty seconds after the rise of the curtain, for he is a master-dramatist. I question, therefore, the necessity of that long, long overture of apparently Chinese music before the curtain rises on *The Painted Veil* at the Playhouse.

This play was written as a novel by Mr. Somerset Maugham, and it has been adapted by Mr. Bartlett Cormack. The job has been done so well and in so thoroughly Maughamesque a fashion that if Mr. Maugham and Mr. Cormack are not one and the same person, I will apologise profoundly to Mr. Cormack for doubting his separate existence. For the benefit of those who have not read the novel I must explain that it concerns Kitty, the beautiful wife of Walter Fane, a doctor-bacteriologist working in Hong Kong, and a dullish one at that. Kitty and Walter are incompatible and unhappy; he adores her as much as she loathes him. She loathes him not only for himself alone, but because she loves an attractive rotter named Charles Townsend. Walter finds out, takes her up-country to a plague-stricken district with the idea of letting the microbes have a go at her and saving him the trouble of risking his neck, and—gets it in the neck himself. For the doctor it was that died.

The effect on Kitty is (a) relief at the death of an unwanted husband, and (b) admiration for other European workers in the plague district, and one in particular, Waddington. She likes Waddington, but she does not love him. And so, having found hell with one unloved husband, she takes to herself another.

The story moves slowly, but it retains one's interest, for these are real people, and it is only Kitty does an incredible thing. Possibly she does it because Mr. Maugham's cynical and deadly logical brain is playing for the first time with a redemption theme. Kitty is the bad, bad woman who thinks there is something to be said for good, good company.

Never have I seen Miss Gladys Cooper so fine. It is not only that the part suits her. She makes Kitty live on the stage and, so far as I am concerned, in the memory too. In the chorus of praise for Mr. Martin Walker I must willingly join; he is a first-rate actor, with humour, a sense of character, and a most admirable restraint. His picture of Waddington, with all his virtues and all his faults is, probably, "the picture of the year." As the husband, Mr. Lewis Casson was exactly right, and Miss Stella Arbenina's Mother Superior was pleasantly removed from conventionality, though not from probability.

"Jane Eyre."

Another adaptation from a novel is *Jane Eyre*, at the Kingsway. Somerset Maugham and Charlotte Brontë being a very different kettle of fish, the entertainments at the Playhouse and the Kingsway vary just about as much as it is possible for two plays to vary. Yet there is just as much melodrama in *Jane Eyre* as there is in *The Painted Veil*, for Charlotte had much more of the thriller-novelist than most people think.

Miss Phyllis Birkett, who has made the present version, has drawn it mild—far too mild. I do not say that anyone would have been wholly successful with such a job. But it is possible, surely, to let the characters, which are immortal (for it is by them and not by any plot that *Jane Eyre* has stood for about a century), reveal themselves as human beings, and as uncommonly interesting human beings too. In Brontë-plus-Birkett they are puppets. Even Rochester, though Mr. Basil Gill makes him look right and talk with a rich, booming voice, is not in the least terrifying. What Miss Birkett has managed to embody of the story is done accurately. But accuracy is here not enough.

Miss Ann Wilton, a newcomer, plays Jane. I thought her most promising. She has an appealing charm, is quiet and sincere, and is devoid of affectation. Jane was a stronger type of person than Miss Wilton makes her. But strength will come in time.

ON THE BORDER: Miss Evelyn Laye, the distinguished star of musical comedy and comic opera, with the Earl of Portarlington, who "ran" Paddington Station with such success during the General Strike

Karsavina.

There are signs of a revival of ballet — the first since the death of Diaghileff, for the Russians at the Lyceum in the summer were merely exotic visitors. Anton Dolin and Ninette de Valois have just given us some remarkable performances at the Old Vic. Karsavina, once an exotic visitor, but now a very lovely resident, heads a list of clever dancers in a short season at the New Theatre. I have, frankly, always preferred Karsavina to any other dancer I have ever seen in my life, and she still dances adorably. It cannot be easy, having danced *Les Sylphides* on the vast stage of Covent Garden to the accompaniment of a full orchestra, to dance it on the comparatively small stage of the New Theatre to the accompaniment of a piano duet. Yet this was successfully accomplished.

Much of the choreography has been invented by Mr. Frederick Ashton; it is always ingenious, though sometimes rather silly. I never did care for Erik Satie's *Mercury*, even when Diaghileff produced it, and in the present circumstances its faults become the more glaring; but the presence of Karsavina compensated us for most of them.

The standard of the Marie Rambert dancers is very high indeed; their freshness and enthusiasm are delightful. With pheasant shooting now seasonable, Mlle Markova made an appropriate and charming appearance.

"The Wreckers."

After twenty years on the shelf, Dame Ethel Smyth's opera, *The Wreckers*, has been again produced at Covent Garden, and given a performance which should (and I believe does) satisfy the composer's own exacting demands.

Miss Odette de Foras was the best of the singers, for her voice has the power to cut through that massive surge of orchestration. But Mr. Percy Heming, Miss Enid Cruikshank, Mr. Philip Bertram, and Mr. Francis Russell all gave of their very good best, and Mr. John Barbirolli's conducting was a triumph of enthusiastic attention to every detail.

"The PLAY'S the THING"

"The Old Bachelor" at the Lyric, Hammersmith: "Folly to be Wiser" at the Piccadilly

HUSBAND AND WIFE: Fondlewife (Mr. O. B. Clarence) and Lætitia (Miss Edith Evans) in Congreve's The Old Bachelor, *produced with typical Playfair genius at the Lyric, Hammersmith*

Special "Sphere" pictures

THE CONGREVE REVIVAL: Sharper (Mr. Roland Culver), Sir Joseph Wittol (Mr. Miles Matleson) and Captain Bluffe (Mr. Harvey Braban) in the all-star production at the "Comédie Anglaise"—the Lyric, Hammersmith

"A MEMORANDUM!" Captain Bluffe (Mr. Harvey Braban), a blustering coward, of the type to be immortalized by Sheridan a century later, is reminded of a duel, which he has precipitated but fears, by a kick. Sharper (Mr. Roland Culver), Bellmour (Mr. Eric Portman) and Sir Joseph Wittol (Mr. Miles Malleson) are seen above

"FOLLY TO BE WISER": Miss Cicely Courtneidge in the priceless scene entitled "Milking Time in Switzerland"—one of the best of the items in the new edition of the Hulbert revue (which features neither Jack nor Claude Hulbert!) at the Piccadilly. The combination of Miss Courtneidge and Mr. Nelson Keys—the two finest artists in burlesque in the country—if not, in fact, in the world—is a joy

"THE KING'S NAVEE": Miss Cicely Courtneidge and Mr. Nelson Keys in an admirable item in Folly To Be Wiser *at the Piccadilly. Above is Lætitia (Miss Edith Evans) with Bellmour (Mr. Eric Portman) and Fondlewife (Mr. O. B. Clarence) in the Lyric, Hammersmith, Congreve revival*

The WORLD of WOMEN

LONDONIAN: Steel, plate and glass exploited in a converted flat in Hampstead

In the Dining-Room

Secondly, a recently modernized flat in Hampstead. Here the modern vogue for glass and metal is seen in all its splendour. The plate-glass table surface has been etched on the underside, for an opaque dining surface is essential to an effect of restfulness. Here and there, however, the glass has been left clear in order to suggest a modernistic design. The framework of both tables and chairs is of stainless steel, and the latter, which are extremely comfortable, are upholstered with black leather.

B. B.

Plate-glass and marble (or Poilite imitation marble which is very durable but less expensive) are at present the rivals of fashion for table tops in modern dining-rooms. Illustrated with this article are recent examples of each.

Firstly, a Parisian dining-room with furniture in Sapele wood, a greenish ebony. This room, by the way, is a clever study in iridiscent shades. The walls have a modern washable wallpaper in soft shades of green and primrose yellow, and the marble tops to the commode, fitted cupboards, and dining-table are principally light and dark green.

PARISIAN: An angle of the impressive dining-room described in the accompanying article

A Beauty-Mask Madame?

It is toward the end of September that woman begins her de-sunburning campaign in real earnest. For even the effects of such a shy summer sun as 1931 must be dispelled before she dare venture upon the gaieties of the coming season.

One of the most curious factors in feminine psychology is this de-sunburning process, when woman spends many hours endeavouring to erase the tan which she has probably spent weeks in trying to attain.

Exposure to the sun and wind brings about tiny little wrinkles around the eyes and mouth: sometimes freckles appear, and frequently the pores become enlarged. All this must be banished now.

How?

A mud-pack is a favourite method of restoring the skin to its natural beauty, for not only does it draw the dirt from out the pores, but also it acts as a cleanser, astringent, and tissue builder, thus eradicating the superficial wrinkles and contracting the pores. And beside this, in these days of restlessness and worry, we appreciate the half hour or so of quiet relaxation which must accompany this particular aspect of our beauty treatment.

MUD! An unattractive but efficient treatment at a Mayfair beauty parlour

ELECTRICAL: An electrically heated device which removes wrinkles and impurities from the skin

Facial masks, by the way, are by no means a modern invention, for this method of beautifying was employed by the women of ancient Egypt and Greece.

Although, of course, it is admittedly better to seek the aid of a beauty specialist, masks can be applied at home. But there is one point that should be borne well in mind, that is home-concocted masks are dangerous and may cause much harm to the skin. If you wish to carry out the treatment yourself, however, there are various safe and beneficial packs that can be purchased quite inexpensively, and are quite simple to use yourself. But remember, this is a form of beauty treatment that can never be hurried, so take your time, and while the pack is doing its work, relax.

So begin your war on sunburn now!

M. D.

FOR CHINA COLLECTORS

A New Volume on Ceramic Art

A new volume, which must be added to the shelves of all who collect the literature of ceramics has just appeared under the title of *Ten Generations of a Potting Family*. This handy little volume is founded upon a previous work, *William Adams, an Old English Potter*, by William Turner, F.S.S., and other books dealing with the Adams family. The present work has been compiled by Robert Nichols, and has a foreword by Aleyn Lyell Reade. The three illustrations given here have been chosen from the very large number of illustrations in the volume which is published by Messrs. Percy Lund, Humphries and Co., Ltd., of Amen Corner.

The volume details the efforts of the succeeding generations of the Adams family in separate chapters. The early history is full of general information concerning the conditions under which the first Staffordshire efforts were produced. The peasantry, one learns, produced common domestic pottery like the present-day washing jowl. As early as the seventeenth century, and possibly earlier, pottery was manufactured by the younger sons of the well-to-do yeoman families. Thus we find at that time the names of Astbury, Colclough, Wedgwood, and Adams as potters, representing families already of some standing in North Staffordshire. They were owners of considerable lands and coal mines in the neighbourhood, and it is interesting to find that the direct descendants of the two last-named families are manufacturing at the present time, in more or less the same spot.

The method of decorating clay with clay in the "slip" is very charming in its results; and about the middle of the seventeenth century several shades of "slip" were applied to the surface of the dish or plate, and when worked over with a many-toothed comb of wire the effect of marbling was produced, and pieces thus decorated were generally termed "combed ware." More ambitious specimens were in time made in this ware in the form of birds, animals, tiles, miniature cradles, and even tombstones: the three latter forms, however, were mostly confined to the plain slip ware. The manufacture of simple and domestic pottery of this kind has never entirely ceased.

OVIFORM VASE IN ADAMS BLUE SURFACE JASPER WARE: Relief of a Sacrifice to Pomona, and reverse, Aphrodite in her car drawn by swans, after le Brun. Tall handles with entwining snakes; leafage and interlacing circle border at neck on square plinth. Height 16½ in. From the Rathbone Collection, Tunstall Museum

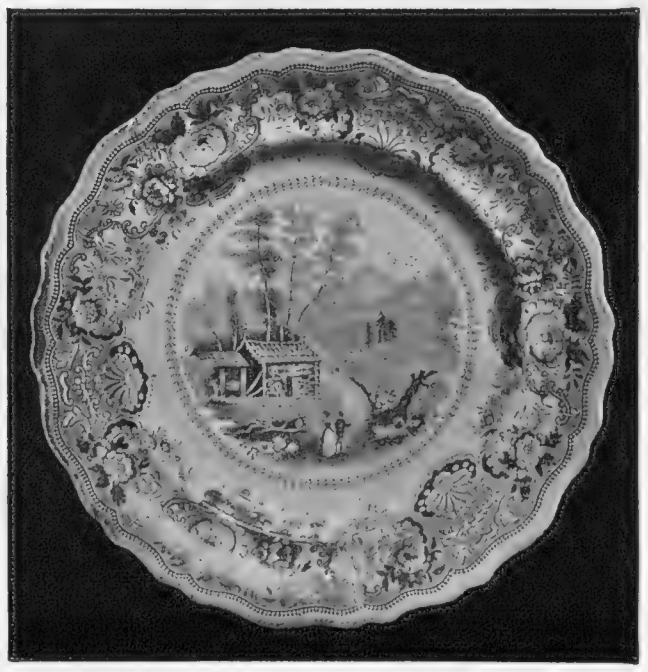
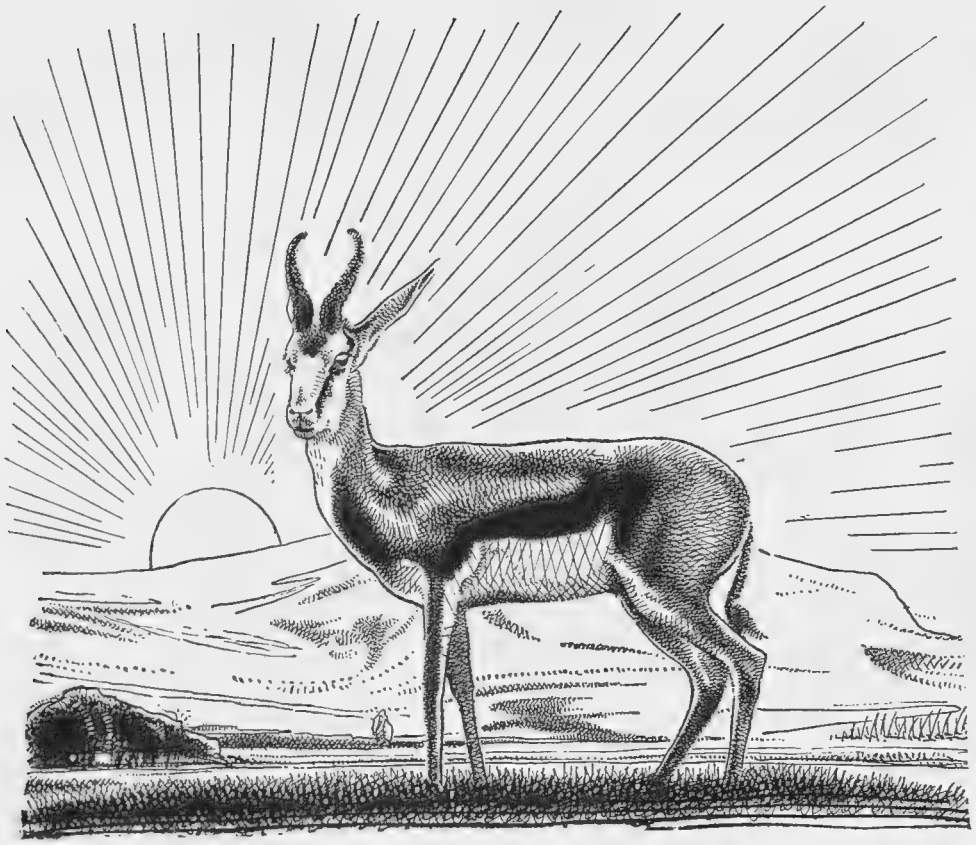


PLATE. VIEW NEAR CONWAY, U.S.A.—1830 PERIOD: Mark impressed, Adams. W. J. Mackay Collection, Springfield, Mass., U.S.A.

FINE STONEWARE JUG (SHEFFIELD PLATE MOUNT) — 1800 PERIOD: Brown glazed bands. Portrait bust of Admirals. Mark impressed, Adams, Hanley Museum



RADIANT TOURS

"Sunshine and blue skies; farms and homesteads nestling among the mountains and hills; orchards of peach and plum filling the valleys with blossom; the perfume of orange groves; the profusion of wild flowers; the camp fire and the call of the wild in the Bushveld; the quest of open roads trailing away to far horizons; the sparkling air or the Highveld; sun and sea bathing on golden beaches; the bright warm days and cool starlit nights—these memories and a splendid feeling of health and fitness after my last holiday in South Africa are luring me back there for the coming Winter."

These are the recollections of an English visitor's holiday in South Africa last year. May we send our booklet "Radiant Tours" —the new programme of Winter Travel in South Africa? Posted free on request to The Director, South African Government Travel Bureau, 73, Strand, London, W.C. 2, or the Leading Tourist Agencies.

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

ABROAD *and* ABOARD

Cruises Enable One to Gratify the Otherwise Irreconcilable Desire to be Patriotic and also Travel Abroad

By CLIVE HOLLAND

(Further particulars can be had from "The Sphere" Travel Bureau. See below)

Pleasure cruises!

Some people would doubtless scout the very idea at the present juncture in national and international affairs. But there are two sides to most questions, and there are certainly vast national interests bound up with British shipping and the prosperity of British shipping companies. We have been told, too, that to spend money, always provided one has it to spend, is the best service that one can render to the country in its hour of difficulty and to industry.

There is no more patriotic form of holiday-making for those who must or wish to take one abroad than a cruise, and for this reason. The magnificent liners of the chief shipping companies, which provide facilities for winter cruising—or to visit in the ordinary way parts of the Empire where the sun shines in winter—are, in fact, floating hotels, and the money spent on the holiday is therefore, except for the very negligible amount spent ashore at ports of call, going into British pockets.

Let us consider where one can go. We take the facilities offered in the order of memory.

Few more attractive holidays can be conceived than a visit to South Africa by the Union Castle Line. There sunshine reigns and the voyage is almost always across calm seas on vessels which provide every comfort. First one has a short stay at Madeira in the lovely Bay of Funchal, and then there is the remaining fortnight of pleasant voyaging interspersed with well-organized sports and amusements, while for those who need it there is complete restfulness. There is much to see in South Africa, if one's time permits, and few, we imagine, readily forget their first glimpse of Table Mountain. Even the third-class tourist travel to-day is a pleasurable experience which many can afford to enjoy.

For those who can spare the time (about ten weeks), there is a wonderful cruise round South America to be taken in the new motor-liner, *Reina del Pacifico*, of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company. In this one can visit sixteen countries and travel in all 20,000 miles. After rounding Cape Horn romance surely steps in for most of us in the visit paid to Juan Fernandez, "Robinson Crusoe's Island," and anchoring in the magnificent harbour of Cumberland Bay in which the German raiding cruiser *Dresden* was sunk in March, 1915. Here one lands and, if energetic, climbs the "sugar loaf" mountain known as "Selkirk's Lookout," which rises to 1,800 ft. above sea level. It was from its summit that Alexander Selkirk, the Robinson Crusoe of Defoe's romance, watched for ships. A tablet has been placed on the rock to his memory. The cruise with its passage through the Panama Canal, visits to several of the chief South American ports and cities, to Cuba, Jamaica, the Azores, and Spain is one of the most fascinating and interesting that can be imagined for the holiday maker who craves for novelty and a constant and varied change of scene.

Empire travel is becoming more and more popular, as it may well be, and those who need or wish for a long sea voyage, with its restfulness, and at the end an opportunity of seeing a far distant part of the Empire, cannot do better than take a cruise by the Orient Line to Australia. The comfort of the steamers is proverbial, and a trip upon the *Orontes* or *Otranto* or other boat of the line is a thing to be remembered long after the cruise has come to an end. Egypt, reached in a little more than ten days, can be taken *en route*, and Ceylon, for a pausing place, offers great attractions. Among these are a fine and equable winter climate, beautiful scenery, good roads, excellent hotels, and sport for both rod and gun. The jungle is fascinating, and the ancient cities have a charm and freshness that never fail to interest. Three weeks takes one as far as Colombo, and one can—with the tickets issued—break the journey at Gibraltar, Naples, or Port Said.

After Christmas the Blue Star Line offer a cruise to the West Indies and Florida by the famous luxury cruiser, *Arandora Star*. It is a truly romantic region associated in one's mind with the pirates of long ago and the Spanish Main of Stevenson's *Treasure Island*. In succession one touches at beautiful Santa Cruz, and then at Trinidad with its sugar, coffee, and tobacco plantations, and that wonderful lake of pitch which provides material for the motor roads of half the world. Then come the Bahamas, a unique chain of coral islands. Florida is now but a few days off, with Miami and the opportunity of seeing the luxurious life of America's favourite winter resort, Palm Beach. To see Cuba, with its luxuriant vegetation, and Havana, now a great resort of fashionable life, is an experience of the nature of an adventure. Then on to Jamaica, with its ineffaceable memories of the Blue Mountains, and the fine harbour of Kingston. One visits also Cristobal, the gateway to the Panama Canal in the Caribbean Sea; and La Guayra, the port for Caracas, the strangely interesting capital of Venezuela. The voyage homeward to Madeira takes one across sunny seas, bringing health and rest.

Attractive winter holidays may also be spent on the magnificent tourist liner, the *Laconia* of the Cunard Line, which, after Christmas, has several most attractive cruises planned to the West Indies, Cape Verde Islands, and West Africa; to Madeira, North Africa, Spain, and the Mediterranean; and Spain, North Africa, the Canary Islands, and Portugal. The cruise, which takes one to the Mediterranean and some of the alluring North African ports, is one of the most attractive and popular. Three days from the mouth of the English Channel and one is basking in the sunshine of Funchal, with its vast background of hills on the slopes of which are orchards and delightful gardens. From thence the steamer heads E.N.E. to Casablanca, the chief port of French Morocco. From the town one has the opportunity of visiting Marakesh, Rabat, and Fez. The cruise then takes one to Algiers, with its mingling of the very modern and ancient, its considerable European colony, beautiful gardens, old fortress, and charming hill suburb of Mustapha Supérieur. Gibraltar, Tangier, Majorca, and its capital Palma, Sardinia, and picturesque Cagliari, Barcelona, and Vigo are all visited ere the ship's bow is turned homeward.

BUSINESS-ON-THE-SEA: A facet of life at Funchal, Madeira, whither innumerable cruises take their way

STACKS AND STACKS OF CORN: An unusual scene in St. Michaels in the Azores—a port of call for many cruises

THE FAR EAST: The house of a wealthy Malay *Hadje*, showing the typical gables surmounted by the sharp sticks that are said in the Far East to ward off evil spirits

India calls those who can spare the time for a lengthened cruise and tour, and that of the P. & O. may well recommend itself to many. There the months of November, December, January, and February are ideal, and the early mornings and evenings are delightfully cool and fresh. What a storehouse of art, history, and fascinating experiences India offers! From Cape Cormorin to the far distant Himalayas one has a succession of wonder cities and an ever-changing panorama of amazingly strange life. There are nowadays good hotels, roads, and railways which lure one on from one wonder and shrine of beauty to another. "See India" is a slogan that might well be oftener sounded.

A complete holiday comprising those desirable features—rest, change, comfort, and amusement—is provided by any of the several admirably arranged cruises of the Royal Mail Line in their luxury liner, *Atlantis*. One of the best of these is to some of the most famous Spanish and Mediterranean ports, enabling one to see something of Monte Carlo, the winter and spring charm and loveliness of the French Riviera from the sea, and also to visit Corsica, Naples, Malaga, Tangier, and Algiers. In nineteen days, round about Christmas, one can travel some 1,300 miles and see all of these places not only in comfort but in luxury and enjoy an experience so delightful that one is anxious to repeat it.

Burma and the Straits Settlements is comparatively new ground for winter holiday cruises. They will appeal to those in search of novelty and the charm of the unusual. The Bibby Line—which, by the way, might well be named the "Shire" Line or "County" Line, by reason of the names of its steamers—provides such an opportunity, as well as to visit Egypt and the Sudan. The climate of Burma and the Straits Settlements is at its best in the winter months and, as an inducement to visit these countries of beauty and novelty, special low-rate holiday return tickets are issued. Burma is a fascinating and colourful country with many opportunities for excursions from Rangoon to beauty spots and places of interest both by road and river. Everyone goes, we assume, to that city of mingled tragedy and romance, Mandalay, and all should see the wonderful Saddan Hain Min Caves, the marvellous bridge at Goteik, Maymyo the charming summer capital, and lovely Lake Inle. The enterprising go on to the Straits Settlements and visit Penang, Singapore—the capital—and enjoy a fascinating experience, and possibly find time to see something of Bangkok in Siam.

Quite another type of cruise, and one becoming increasingly popular, is the Amazon cruise of the Booth Line, which also offers shorter cruises to Portugal and Madeira. It is truly one of the great travel experiences open to the ordinary man and woman of some means; a cruise of nearly 5,000 miles of real restfulness from Liverpool to Para across summer seas. Then the amazing voyage of 1,000 miles up the Amazon through forests, the homes of gorgeous coloured butterflies as large as birds, and birds themselves which for brilliancy of plumage are unequalled in any other part of the world. The marvellous and ever-changing scene from Para onwards through the Narrows is viewed restfully from the deck of one's steamer as it makes its way up to Manaos, a wonderful and up-to-date city in the heart of the primeval forest.

Last, but by no means least in general attractiveness, are the West Indian and South American cruises of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company in the fine *Duchess of Richmond*. Leaving Liverpool and Southampton in January, a southerly course is laid for the West Indies, touching first at La Brea and Port of Spain, Trinidad, and then in sunshine and over calm seas. Next to Cristobal, in Venezuela, Cuba, Hayti, the Bahamas, San Juan, Barbadoes, and thence home, calling at Madeira, Casablanca for excursions ashore, and finally Gibraltar. At several of the places visited two or more days are allowed for shore excursions, distinguished for their beauty of scenery and interest.

THE SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

Readers are reminded that "The Sphere" Travel Bureau is always at their disposal to help them to choose a suitable holiday for any time of the year. This bureau will readily provide details of fares, routes, hotels, and resorts in all parts of the World by return of post. Each request has personal care and attention, and the advice given is entirely unbiased. All requests are answered free; 3d. in stamps is required to cover postage of booklets, etc. Address your inquiry to: "THE SPHERE" Travel Bureau, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2

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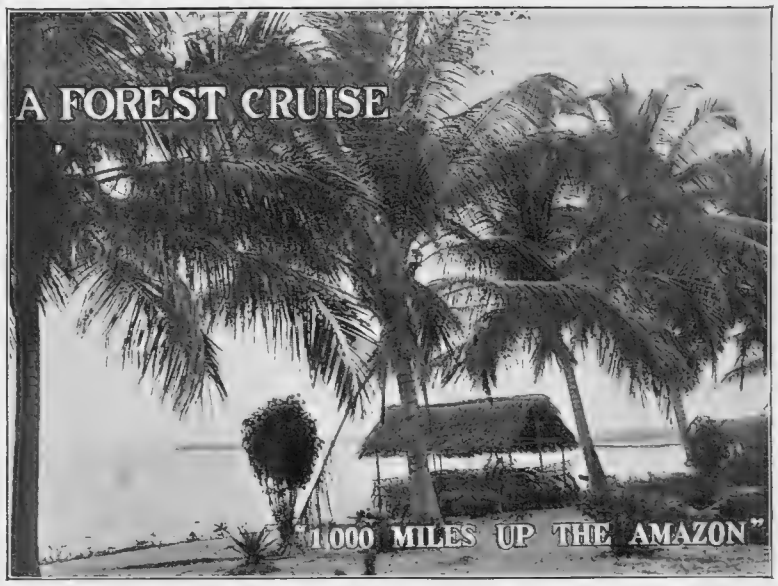

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The PETROL World

By A. Percy Bradley

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")

THE MOTOR SHOW.—In another week or so the Motor Exhibition at Olympia will have opened its doors to the public. In my notes this week I am able to give particulars of some additional new models which will be on view in the Exhibition. Certainly there will be plenty of interesting cars to inspect, so the public will keep the turnstiles clicking fast during the ten days that the Show is open. I see no reason why there should not be a bigger attendance than last year, although we are living in strange times. I am basing this prophecy after having visited the Radio Exhibition, when I found myself a very insignificant individual in a packed mass of humanity. The attendance figures were well up on those of last year, and from all accounts sales seem to have been equally satisfactory. Surely what holds good for wireless, which is definitely a luxury, unlike a motor-car, should apply in the case of cars.

I have examined all the details of the various cars which will make their débuts at Olympia, and I am sorry to say that at the moment I am unable to discover that any of the improvements for which I had been hoping are to be incorporated in any specification. Perhaps, however, when I get to Olympia I will find that somebody has brought out a windscreen-wiper that will clear the windscreen even on a day when there is no rain but when the roads are wet and the mud therefrom is splashed about all over the place. I will also have a good look round to see if any touring-car has a tyre-pump driven from the engine. I know at least one car which has adopted an improvement for which I have been shouting many years. I never could understand why the car-maker expected us to oil every bearing on the chassis individually when the important parts of the engine could be lubricated by a charge through one orifice. At last one car at Olympia will have all these various chassis parts lubricated from the engine. I have not heard yet whether anyone has introduced a body finish which can be as easily cleaned as the present-day chromium-plated head-lamp. Perhaps when I dive into details at Olympia I will discover that someone has made motoring more pleasant in this manner. There are many more developments which are ludicrously simple to evolve and adopt, but as I have mentioned these on many previous occasions I will not now repeat them.

NEW LANCHESTER PRICES. — For many years the motoring world has pictured to itself a large super-luxurious carriage costing four figures when the name Lanchester was mentioned. It comes, therefore, something as a surprise to learn that for the coming season we shall be able to buy a Lanchester car with a saloon body for £565. This is made possible by the introduction of a new and smaller model which will be known as the 15–18-h.p. car. The engine is a 6-cylinder job with a capacity of just 2½ litres and a R.A.C. rating of 17·96-h.p. This engine works in conjunction with a Daimler fluid flywheel and a self-changing gear-box. Considering that the whole job is built on the same quality lines as have distinguished Lanchester cars ever since the beginning of motoring, I would not mind betting quite a lot of money that the sales of this new Lanchester will probably surprise the makers themselves.

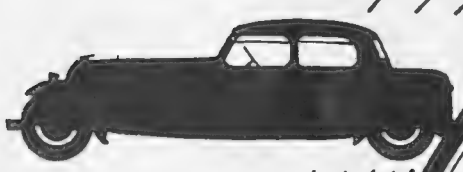
The well-known Lanchester Straight-Eight will continue to be offered for 1932, and although the specification remains unchanged the price has been reduced by almost £300.

THE FAMILY CAR: A 1932 model Austin Sixteen "Windsor" saloon fitted with a pressed steel body. Equipped with real leather upholstery and Triplex glass throughout

DAIMLER.—No new model is included in the Daimler programme, but various alterations and additions of a minor degree have been made. Perhaps the most interesting development is the fitting of the Daimler fluid flywheel transmission to all Daimler cars. The complete list consists of three 12-cylinder models, namely, 40–50, the 30–40, and the 30, and three 6-cylinder models known as the 35, the 20–30, and the 16–20. The model previously known as the 25 which had an ordinary clutch and gear-box has been dropped. The manufacturers have made definite efforts to simplify the range of models and prices, and this has been done by associating one chassis price only with each engine rating, although in most cases alternative wheel-bases are available.

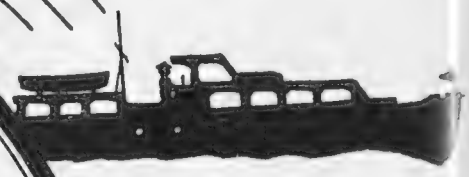
WOLSELEY.—The Wolseley programme has one very interesting model which the makers describe as an entirely new conception in motor-car design. The well-known Wolseley Hornet has been one of the outstanding successes of 1931, and as regards the new model the details are to all intents and purposes repeated. The engine dimensions are the same, but a four-speed gear-box, with a silent third is provided. The petrol tank is fitted at the back of the chassis, but in the effort to provide comfortable space for a full load of passengers the makers have taken a bold step. They have pushed the engine and radiator well forward, so that the former is situated almost immediately above the front springs and the radiator thus comes well ahead of the front axle. Up to now it has generally been conceded that in order to make a car look pleasing to the eye the radiator could not be placed ahead of the front axle. The appearance of this new Wolseley Hornet will, therefore, be somewhat strange, and I can quite understand a number of people disliking it on account of its unusual appearance, and they will probably say without mincing matters, that it is downright ugly. However, they will do well to remember that what is considered ugly to-day is often looked upon as pleasing and nice to-morrow. All of us remember how we used to sta-

(*Continued on p. 34*)



PATRON H.M. THE KING

MOTOR EXHIBITION OLYMPIA



Oct. 15-24

PRIVATE CARS; CARRIAGE WORK; CARAVANS; MOTOR BOATS; MARINE ENGINES

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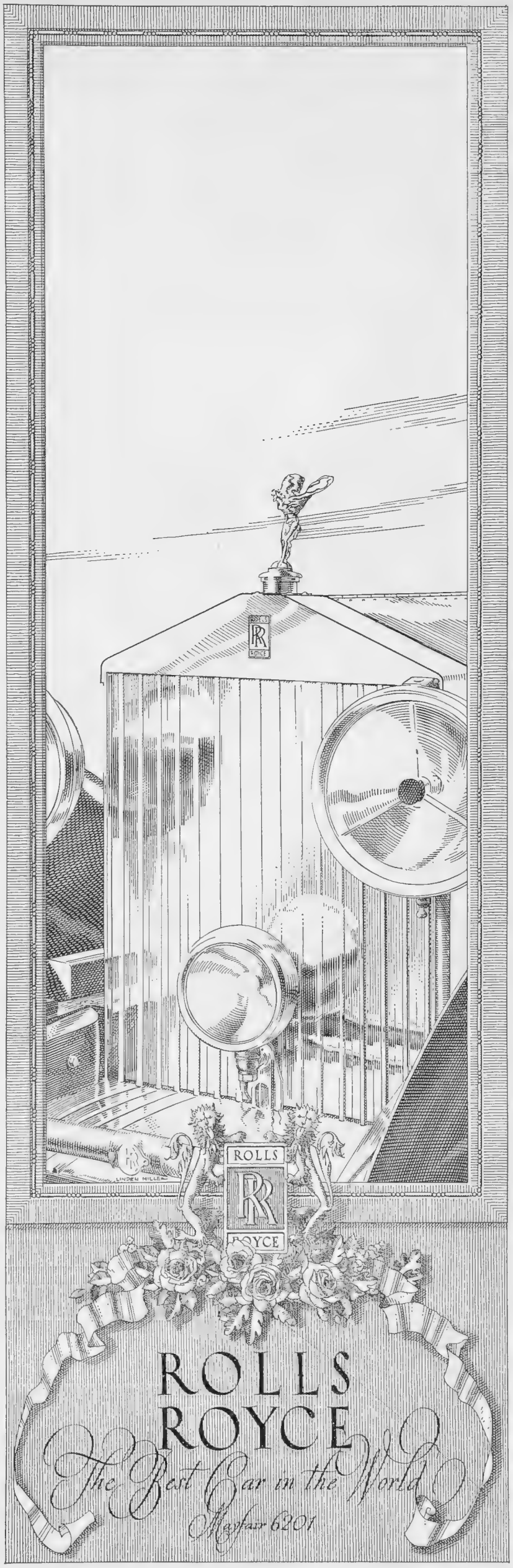
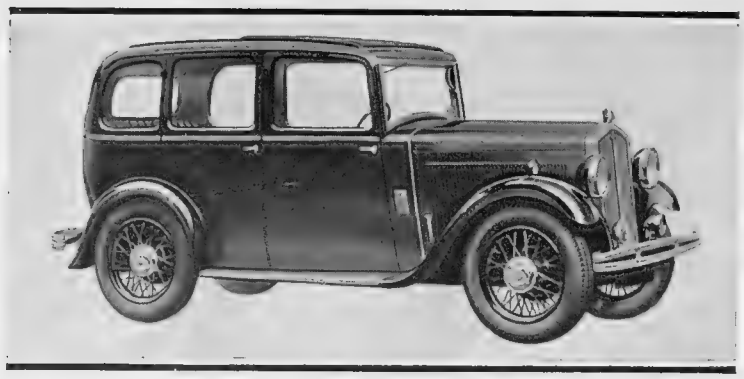


The PETROL World—(cont.)



THE TALL MAN'S LITTLE CAR: *The new four-door Wolseley Hornet which has the highest proportion of body space to chassis length ever achieved. Four six-foot persons can be carried in perfect comfort*

at those first few omnibuses which had the driver's seat arranged alongside of the engine, but to-day these are quite ordinary, and are accepted as being good-looking so far as anything can be good-looking in the motor-coach sphere. There is no doubt in my mind that the Wolseley Hornet engine is more than powerful enough to carry a load of four adults, and so this new family Hornet should be a good seller. The other Wolseley Hornet models are being continued.

The well-known Wolseley Viper cars have had various improvements carried out on them, but the prices remain unchanged although four-speed silent third gear-boxes are now fitted.

PYRENE.—We are so accustomed to look upon the Pyrene Company as the producers of fire extinguishers that we often forget that they manufacture and handle many other articles which are used every day in motoring. For many years I have been a constant user of Pyrene bumpers, and these have always given complete satisfaction as well as looking attractive and adding, if possible, to the already good lines of a car. They also market non-skid chains, but the other day I was surprised to learn that they handle a process which is used on many parts of the best-known motor-cars. The two processes to which I refer are known as "Bonderizing" and "Parkerizing." I expect to most motorists these words convey nothing really intelligent, so let me explain them. "Parkerizing" is a simple process of rust-proofing. A special scientific powder is supplied by the Pyrene Company and a certain quantity is dissolved in boiling water. The iron or steel which has been cleaned of all rust and scale is then immersed for about one hour. No skilled labour is required, and no harm whatever can result if the articles are left immersed too long. In addition to its simplicity the process has also the advantage of allowing built-up parts being treated as assembled units, the immersion having no ill effect on springs, screw-threads, etc. "Bonderizing" is a very similar process, but a different powder is used. It is employed where paint or enamel goes on as a finishing surface.

Every one of us has experienced the annoyance of enamel flaking off wings and other parts of the car; the real reason for this happening is the formation of rust underneath. Even if the rust were not there before the article was painted it only requires a scratch on the enamel to allow the rust demon to start doing his worst and spreading along underneath the enamel, which then drops off in flakes. A properly "Bonderized" article is not subject to this distressing complaint, and even if the enamel is scratched the rust would only appear on the exposed metal surface. This is all more or less technical, but nevertheless these modern scientific methods of making our motoring freer from worry are distinctly interesting and all the more so because firms are mixed up with them when we thought that they devoted all their energy to making efficient apparatus to fight fires.

CROSSLEY. — The well-known Crossley car will be obtainable during the coming season in the shape of a 10-h.p. model. This is the first time that this well-known firm has built a car of this description so far as engine size is concerned. To-day is undoubtedly the day of the small car, at any rate in these islands, and in answer to the demand the Crossley Company have produced this new chassis. They claim that it is a leader in its class, that it has an outstanding performance, and it is in no way what is understood as a mass-produced car. I am told that its performance is better than that of any small car of its power and type. The engine has four cylinders and many details are covered by patents. Silence is a feature which has been very carefully studied, and suspension is considered much better than is usually the case with a small car, but the outstanding feature in the specification is that as a saloon with four heavy passengers on board the car will do an easy 70 m.p.h.

I want to make it quite clear that I have not confirmed this fact by actual test, but I feel quite certain that the Crossley Company would never dream of making such a statement if it were not strictly accurate. Knowing Crossley's in the past I feel certain that this small addition is going to make history and I look forward to testing it with interest in the very near future. As a family saloon the new model sells at £265. There are several other models, including sports and semi-sports saloons and coupés. The Crossley programme for the new season also includes the Silver and Golden Crossley.

THE "OLD CROCKS'" RUN.—The annual commemoration day run from London to Brighton for veteran cars will take place on Sunday, November 15. The run is organized by the R.A.C. to commemorate the coming into force of the Locomotives on Highway Act, 1896, which absolved motorists from the need to be preceded by a man carrying a red flag. The entry will be limited to three- or four-wheeled vehicles that were manufactured in 1904 or earlier. The run will not be in any sense a race of competition, the only awards being an R.A.C. certificate to all those arriving at Brighton within the time limit laid down. Copies of the regulations, with entry forms, may be obtained on application to the Secretary, R.A.C., Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.

THE HUB OF THE MOTORING WORLD: *Olympia once more looms large in the Petrol World, and the twenty-fifth motor exhibition will be held there from October 15 to 24. The car, one of the latest Humber Snipes, is seen emerging from the Addison Road entrance*

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They marvelled at the old GAS LIGHT...

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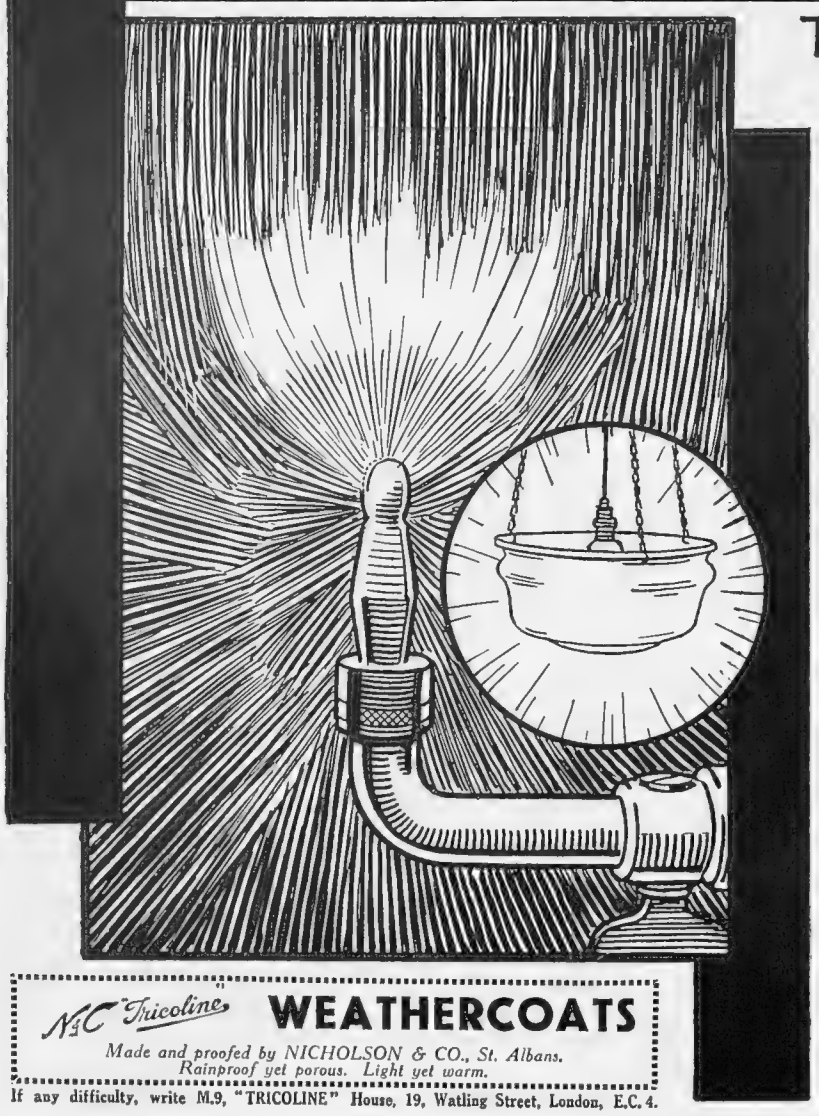

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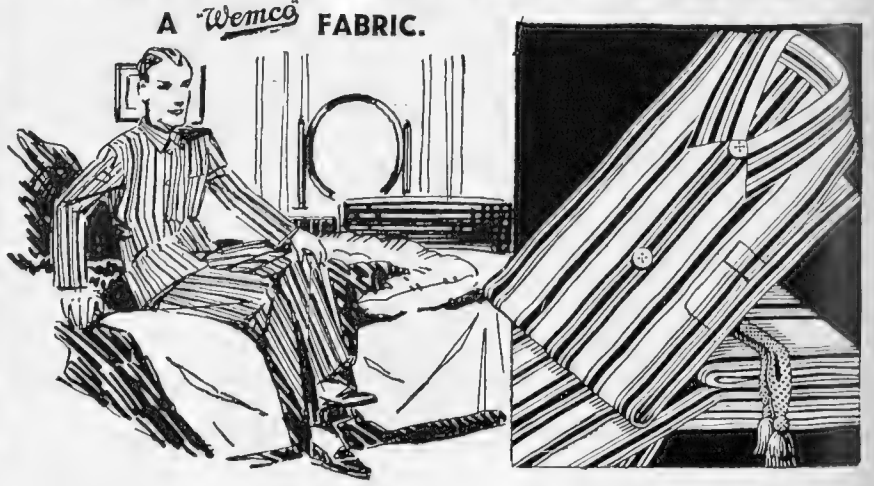

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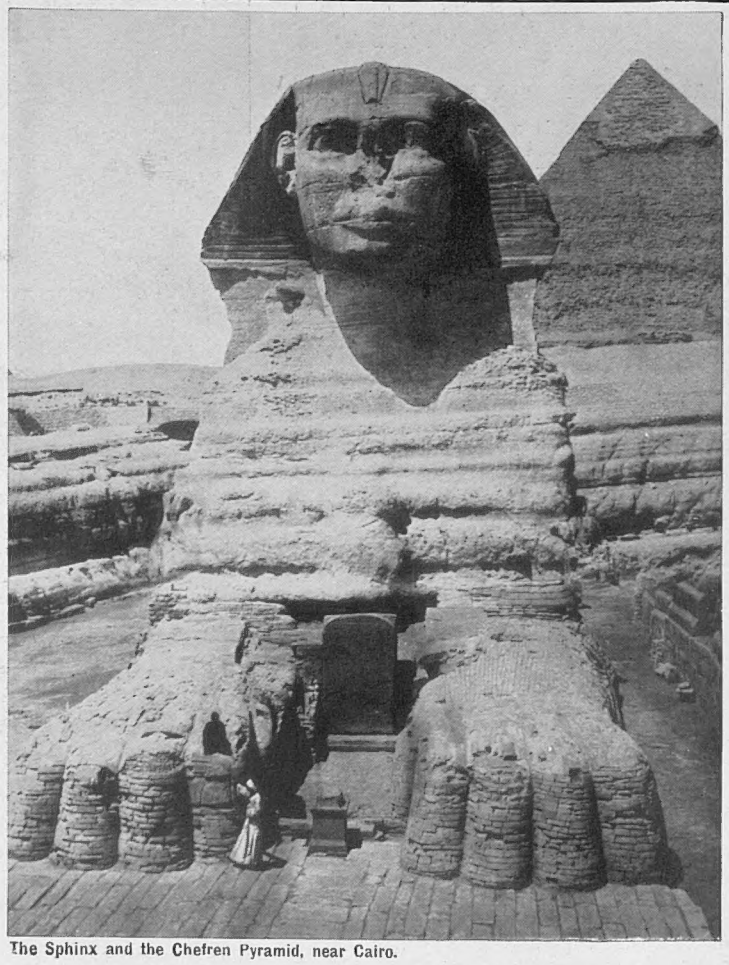

The Sphinx and the Chefren Pyramid, near Cairo.

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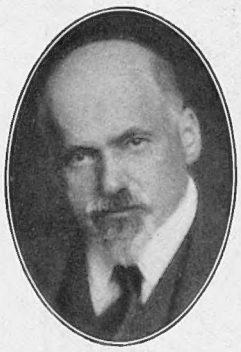
NOTES AND NEWS

A WORKER FOR WORLD PEACE

Dr. Paul Hohenau is one of the most notable figures in Central Europe who has the world vision, the ability to think internationally. Educated at Heidelberg and later at Vienna, he devoted himself primarily to science, but since 1904 has concentrated his endeavours upon economics. Dr. Hohenau was one of the first to realize in 1914 the stupendous ramifications to which the War would lead, and founded in Zurich the magazine, *Das Neue Europa*, which has enjoyed a triumphant run for the past seventeen years. An Admirable Crichton, Dr. Hohenau is a sportsman of distinction and a keen collector of *objets d'art*, as well as being one of the greatest political (in the widest sense of the term) leaders in Austria. Many distinguished authors use *Das Neue Europa* as their rostrum, and it is in the pages of this journal that one finds not only the most authoritative statesmen of Europe but also of America sending forth their messages.



DR. PAUL HOHENAU: An ardent worker for the peace of the world

A NEW WATERMAN'S PEN

One beautiful Waterman's pen follows another, the latest addition to the wonderful range of colour pens being Waterman's £1 pen. This is a striking production and, through its beauty and value, should command even more than the usual Waterman popularity. Waterman's £1 pen is a full-sized, graceful, well-balanced pen with an extra large nib and abundant ink capacity. It is splendid value. The new pen is made in electric green and gold, also in crimson and gold—both effective combinations. All the well-known Waterman features are incorporated in the £1 pen, which guarantees its writing efficiency and dependability. Stationers all over the country are now showing this new Waterman's pen, and there is a pencil to match at 7s. 6d.

INDOOR SUNSHINE: The new sun-lounge at the Palace Hotel, Torquay. This has been constructed adjoining the ballroom and overlooking the charming hotel grounds. Vita-glass has been installed to ensure that the guests may enjoy all the sunshine—of which there is a high proportion at Torquay—made available by the Clerk of the Weather

THE LATEST WATERMAN PRODUCT: The Waterman £1 pen in its case with the 7s. 6d. pencil to match. The pen is well-balanced and has an extra large nib and an abundant ink capacity. The colour schemes available are crimson and gold and electric green and gold

PORTUGUESE EXPANSION

Portugal in the last few months has done more to recapture the prestige as a centre of commerce and *tourisme* which she enjoyed in the Elizabethan era than she has achieved in the 300 years of her decline. She is now establishing in various world capitals "Houses of Portugal"—on the order of Australia House—whose function it is to bring to the notice of travellers and business men in the country concerned the great natural and commercial advantages of Portugal. That in Paris has already been established, while London's "Portugal House" is soon to be opened. Portuguese propaganda and general information on the country will emanate from these establishments, which should do much to enhance the country's increasing popularity. Their existence is largely the work of H.E. Francisco Antonio Correa, who holds the position of Director-General of the Council of Exterior Commerce in the Portuguese Foreign Ministry.

H.E. FRANCISCO ANTONIO CORREA, Director-General of Exterior Commerce of Portugal

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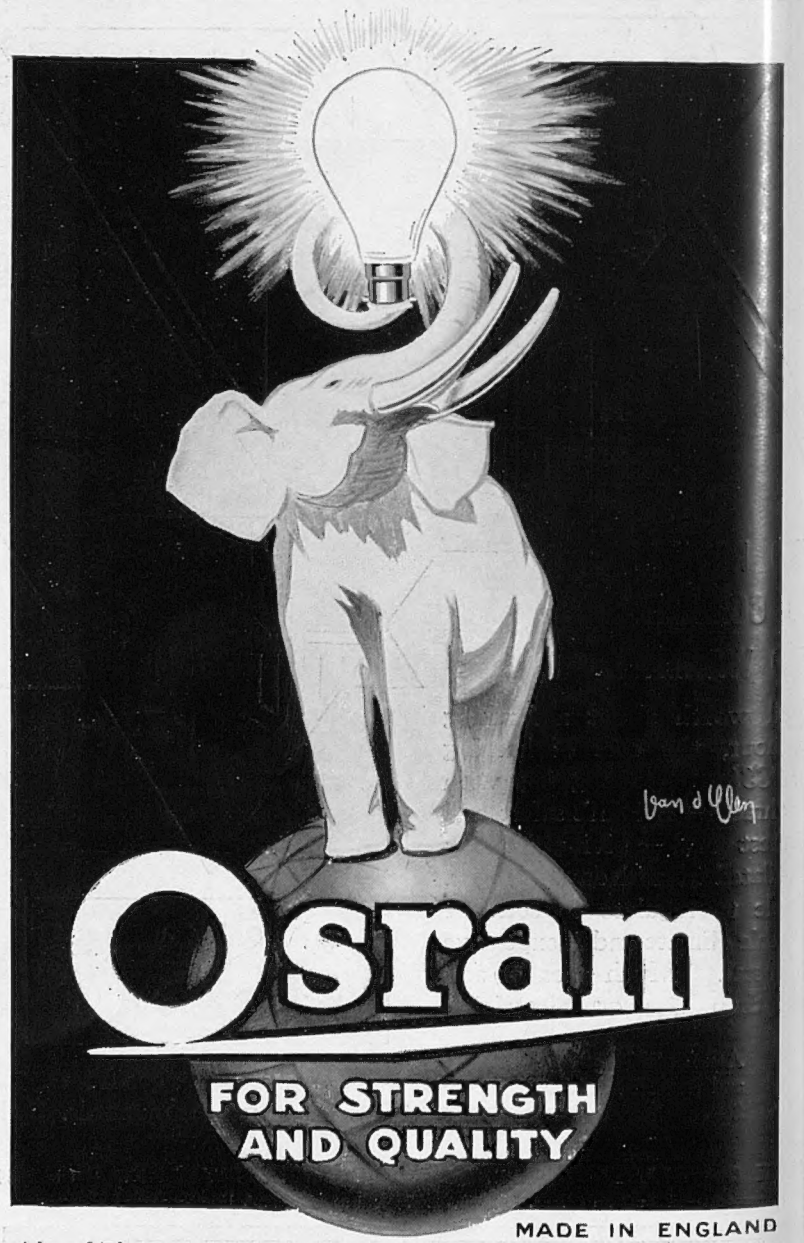

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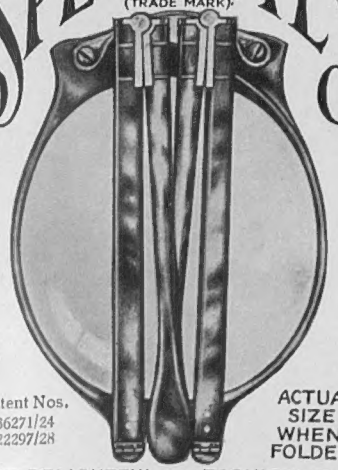

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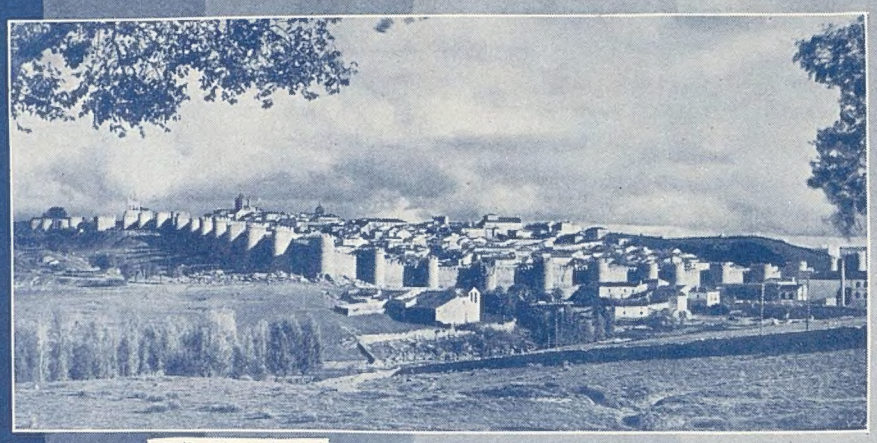
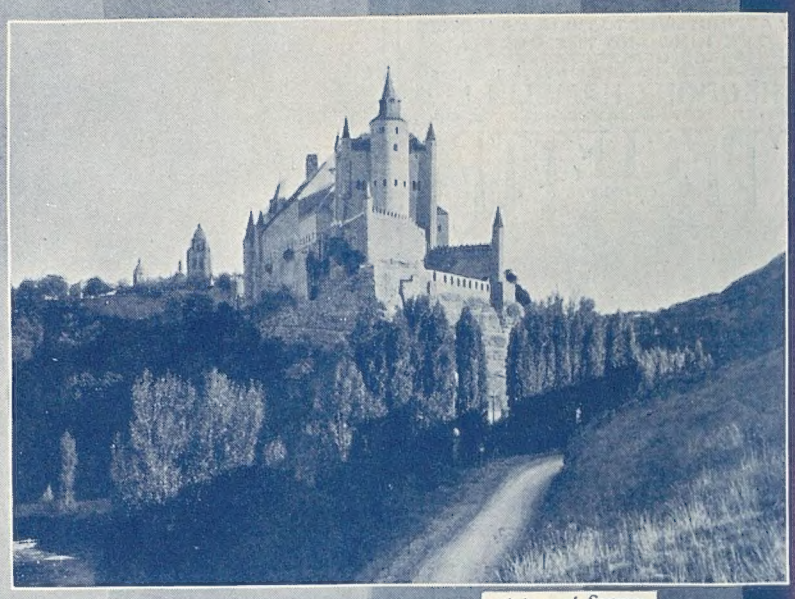
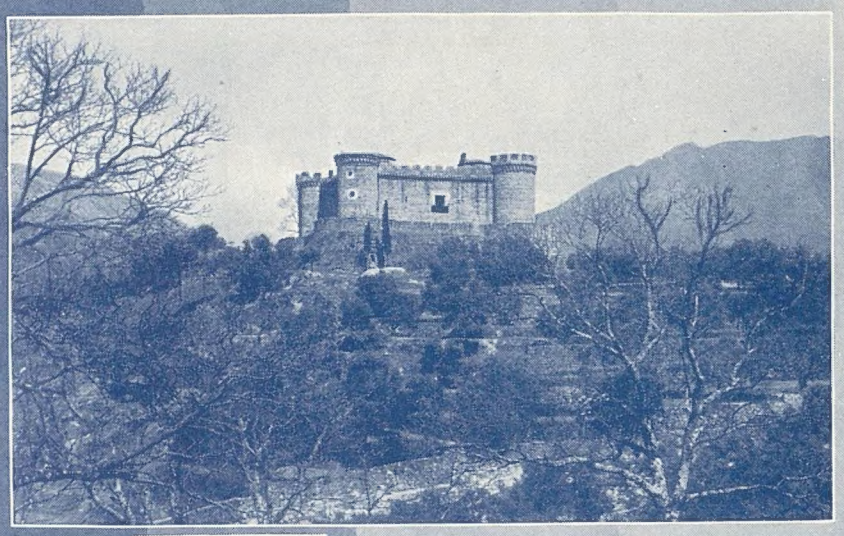
CASTLES OF SPAIN



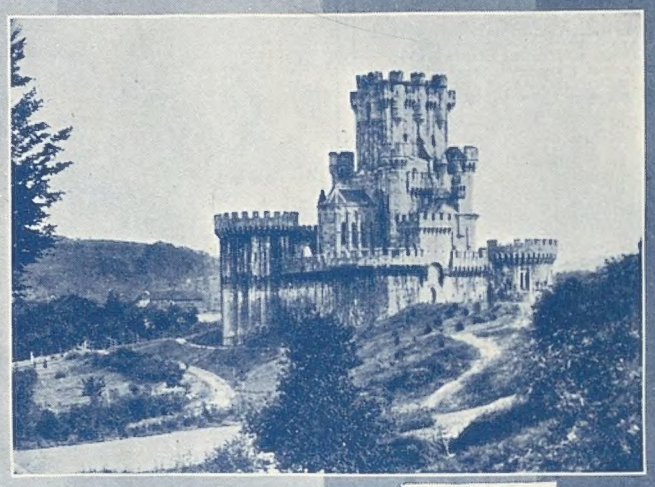
Avila. General view



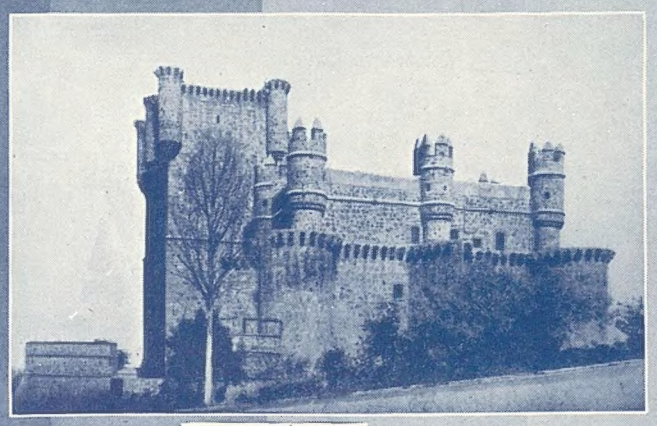
Alcázar of Segovia



Castle of Mombeltrán

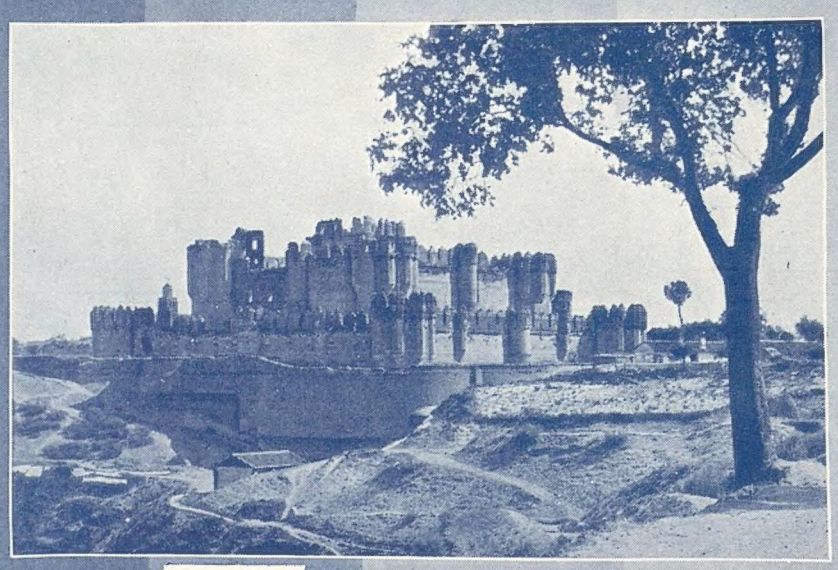


Castle of Butrón



Castle of Guadamur

MORE than two hundred command its plains and crown its mountains. Here are some examples.



Castle of Coca

Castle of Manzanares el Real

For all information and literature apply to the offices of the National Board for Travel in Spain—at PARIS: 12, Boulevard de la Madeleine; NEW YORK: 695, Fifth Avenue; ROME: 9, Via Condotti; GIBRALTAR: 63-67, Main Street. At LONDON and other cities apply to Cook's and Wagons Lits, or The American Express or Dean & Dawson Ltd., or any other Travel Agency.

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